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NOW...**

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AND WHY**

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SUITS AND
THEIR BLOUSES...
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JANUARY 15, 1964

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

VOGUE

AMERICAN FRENCH BRITISH AUSTRALIAN NEW ZEALAND SOUTH AFRICAN

I.S.V.-PATCÉVITCH, President

Alexander Liberman, Editorial Director



COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY BERT STERN

COVER: In the South now, North later, this is the kind of really pretty look that's part of the new romance in fashion: Italian-pink scarf as high and proud as a Sicilian mantilla . . . and the coquetry of white lace—a short evening dress, scalloped and flounced and flecked with dozens of roses. Scarf of crinkly silk organza, by Lilly Daché. Dress by Junior Sophisticates, of cotton-and-silk Whelan lace; about \$70. At Bonwit Teller; Rich's. Dress and scarf: Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. One perfect rose on the lips—Fabergé's clear gay Watteau Rose. Coiffure by Kenneth.

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JESSICA DAVES
Editorial Advisor

VOGUE IS PUBLISHED
BY THE CONDÉ NAST
PUBLICATIONS INC.

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Volume 143, No. 2, Whole No. 2112

VOGUE INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR IS PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, EXCEPT FOR THE MONTHS OF MAY, JUNE, JULY, AND DECEMBER, WHEN IT IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY, BY THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC., 420 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, N.Y. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT, AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN U. S. AND POSSESSIONS, \$8.50 FOR ONE YEAR, \$13 FOR TWO YEARS, \$17 FOR THREE YEARS. IN CANADA, \$9.50 FOR ONE YEAR, \$15 FOR TWO YEARS, \$20 FOR THREE YEARS. ELSEWHERE, \$13.50 FOR ONE YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES IN U. S. AND CANADA, 75¢. ELSEWHERE, \$1.15. SIX WEEKS ARE REQUIRED FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS. IN ORDERING A CHANGE, WRITE TO VOGUE, BOULDER, COLORADO. GIVE BOTH NEW AND OLD ADDRESS AS PRINTED ON LAST LABEL.

Postmaster: Send Form 3579 to Vogue, Boulder, Colorado.



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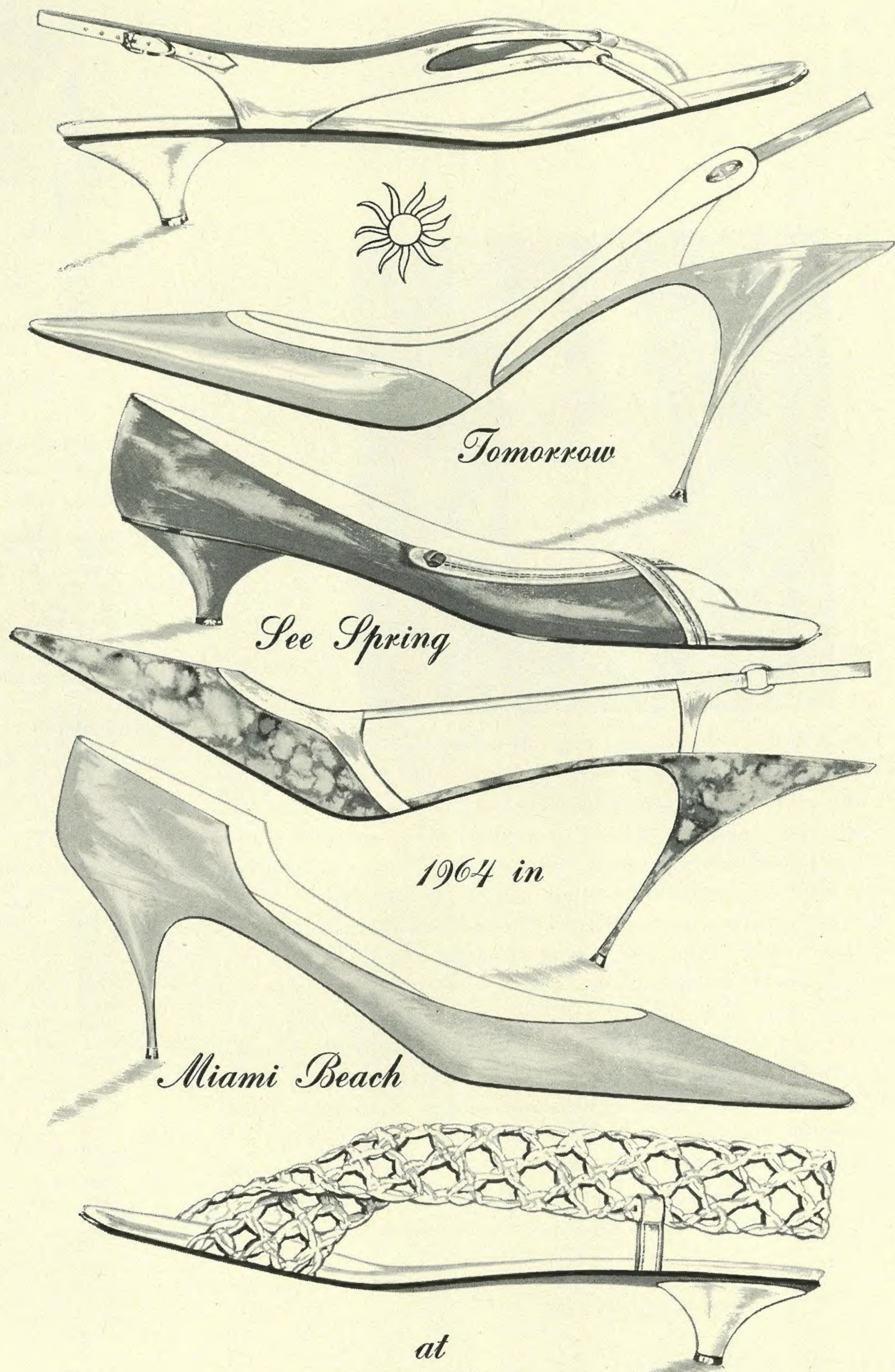
From William Pearson
of California—
the slender dress,
the semi-waisted jacket
in white bubble piqué.

Gale Lord

1407 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, N. Y. A Division of Burlington Industries



VOGUE, January 15, 1964

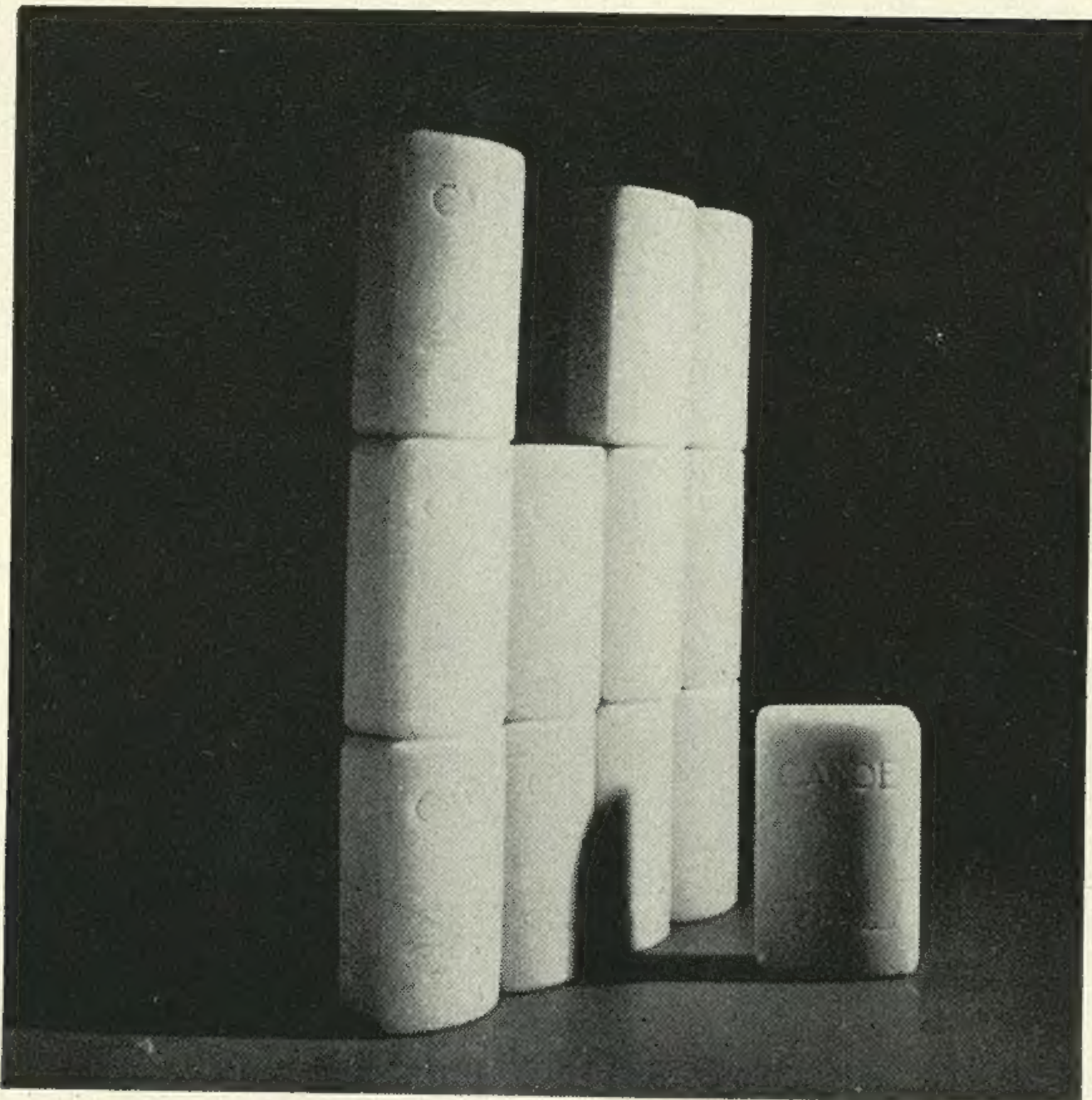


at
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We salute the new openings, the varied to suit the occasion heel story, the colors in the news, the shape of Spring to come: aniline kid, the exciting personality tannage with a fabulous color sense in pinks from foam to raspberry, greens that go the gamut, the blues toned deep through bright to light, yellow tulip, rajah red, neutrals—oyster to golden camel hues; the marvelous mottled patents in tortoise or trevi marble. Shoe fashion so feminine its utterly female, so tempting it can't be resisted, so reasonably priced you'll be amazed. These, \$9.99 to \$14.99.

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

A year's supply
of a certain soap



CHARLES FITZPATRICK

We can't estimate the amount of water it will take to bathe any one bather or showerer in 1964. But about the soap we can be fairly specific in making an as-of-January forecast: If the soap that's used is Dana's Canoe—and it is one of the most attractive soap propositions we know—it'll take no more than one dozen bars to cover a year's worth of daily baths, with some catlicks in between. How we know this is simple: we measured the life span of one bar and it turned out to be a month. (Canoe is French-milled and therefore melts reluctantly.) What's not measurable about Canoe soap is who will use it, man, woman, or child—or, as is most likely, whether it will be all three. Having hit upon a scent that's so perfectly agreeable to all ages and genders, Dana, we notice, looks horizonward thoughtfully and makes no comment about who it is exactly they have in mind when they talk Canoe. The success of that position is epic in the fragrance industry. Having launched Canoe in Paris as a general cologne, seen it infiltrate the U.S. (where it's become an In grooming aid at men's colleges, for one thing), then watched the women swipe it for themselves, Dana is not about to rock Canoe's boat with narrow thinking. All they've done is add a soap in the same splendid fragrance, with the same across-the-board appeal. Bath-size cakes, \$2. Box of three hand-size cakes, \$3.75. Or, an annual supply of baths, about \$24. Bloomingdale's; Marshall Field.

Good launching: pads for the eye make-up takeoff

To the quietly-expanding corps of materials needed to put fashion and beauty onto a face—and to clean them off when they've had their day or evening—one of the fairly recent additions is: mascara remover. The need for it is newly emphasized by the clever new mascara wands sending lashes attractively into space in thoroughly smear-proof, streakproof, runproof, and waterproof ways. Helena Rubinstein has now brought out some Mascara Remover Pads to go with her lash-building Long-Lash mascara. These pads are the more constructive for immersion in a special oil that not only dispatches every variety of eye make-up but does good emollient favours to the touchy skin around the eyes to the extent that cleaning the closed eye this way could become one of the more engaging features of the midnight cleansing chores. 50 pads to a jar, \$1.25. Long-Lash mascara, \$2.50. Both plus tax. Bloomingdale's.



... FASHION-MINDED
Parnes Feinstein

Fashions shown on
opposite page are available at:

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NEW GOOD MOVES FOR TRAVELLERS

KENYA, EAST AFRICA

In the new, new game preserve, Samburu, in northern Kenya, is the attractive Samburu Game Lodge, six hours from Nairobi by Landrover (which in Africa is as much a measure of distance as it is a small, tough vehicle).

Unlike other lodges which are usually copies of English houses, this one is built of local flagstone with a thatched roof. Good food: Thompson's gazelle roast for dinner. Good service; for each guest a waiter behind his chair. From the dining room, during breakfast, guests may watch gazelles, water bucks, elephants, giraffes, and large Grévy's zebras drink from the opposite bank of the river running near the lodge.

For dinner, women change from safari clothes into afternoon dresses; the best colours for safari evenings seem to be white and earthy shades which look both fresh and indigenous in this country; a warm sweater is Basic Training after dark.

Note: arrangements can be made in Nairobi for transportation as well as for accommodations; cost depends upon the number in the party. Samburu Game Lodge has radio connections with Nairobi, no mailing address is needed.

NEW HOTEL ON GUADELOUPE

Fort Royal, Cuadeloupe's newest hotel—open since Christmas—is on the Caribbean side of this butterfly-shaped French island. One and a half miles from Deshaies, the hotel stands by a deep harbour in Basse-Terre which is the left wing of the butterfly.

It has two glorious scallops of beach, each one thousand feet long, not white powder sand, but a grainy, glistening sand. In the three-storey hotel, all rooms, many with balconies, are for two persons; \$52 includes breakfast and dinner; \$60, lunch as well. One person in a double room—there are no singles—\$36 with two meals; \$40 for all three.

The Fort Royal also has

some twenty-five circular bungalows, built along the beach and by the pool, which will open early in February.

Arrangements for car hire as well as chauffeured cars may be made at the hotel. From the airport near Point-à-Pitre to the hotel—a drive through the lush, rolling green of Basse-Terre—local drivers, speeding like Stirling Moss, make the forty-mile trip in forty minutes.

By air from Antigua, Guadeloupe is a twenty-five-minute flight, or a little longer from San Juan, Puerto Rico.

BISTROS: PARIS AND CALIFORNIA

In Paris, there is so much bistro dining that women even choose clothes with bistros in mind.

Everyone recognizes a bistro at the swing of a door; the definition is elusive. Once bistros were very humble wine and food shops; not so now. From an impromptu poll of bistro-goers came these definitions: "The wife is in the kitchen, the owner in the bar"; "The menus are written in purple ink"; "Small, good, and cheap—although they're not always any of these." Webster's Dictionary defines a bistro as "marked by an air of extreme casualness." That might be updated to "extremely chic casualness."

In Paris, now a ravishing platinum-blond city, Moustache and Bistrotet head the long list of bistros. The newest addition to the list is La Chaumière en l'Île on the island of St. Louis. This excellent bistro is the winter quarters of the restaurateurs who run, in the summer, the Auberge de la Chaumière, an equally good restaurant on La Grande Corniche above Villefranche in the south of France.

In Beverly Hills, where people do little restaurant dining—there aren't many places to go—the new place is The Bistro, the "in" restaurant on Canon Drive. One reason for its success is that it is owned by a group of well-known Hollywood people who

banded together to find a place for Kurt, ex-maitre d'hôtel at Romanoff's, which simply closed its doors.

The Bistro has the warm feeling of a not-new spot. In fact some guests say it looks like a blend of the Paris bistro, Moustache—patterned mirrors—and that classic, far-from-bistro restaurant, Le Grand Vefour.

What makes The Bistro a bistro is the chummy mood. The light glows, flatters, its source invisible. All seats are banquettes. There are no "bad" tables—from anywhere, everybody can see everybody coming into the restaurant.

Menus are written on large slates (part of the bistro syndrome). The food is good, reasonable: Prix fixe luncheons, about \$3.50. Dinners à la carte, entrées around \$4.75; late supper menu, \$2.75, for such things as spaghetti or eggs Benedict.

Far from the spirit of bistros, but necessary: reservations. The upstairs room, used only for private parties now, will open soon with piano music for everybody.

FRANCE

In Paris, skiers may dial Balzac 93-24 for a report on snow and road conditions; in Grenoble, the threshold city for the snow country, they dial 44-97-02. The pretty French name for this new twenty-four-hour snow service is *Horloge des Neiges*.

JAMAICA

In Jamaica, the new island air service, scooping low over this intensely green and long island, gives passengers a fast, fresh look at the island. Visitors going from Montego Bay, Ocho Rios, Port Antonio, Kingston, may now travel these distances by air. Jamaica Air Service makes two circle trips around the island each day.

On the sixty-mile drive from Kingston to Ocho Rios, the road circles the bisque-coloured square of Spanish Town, with its lovely cathedral, then follows

the tracks of the river banked with enormous bouquets of skinny bamboo trees, curls up to two thousand feet before it rolls downhill through the filtered shadows of Fern Gully, a deep ravine of massive ferns, finally reaches the north shore with the bottle-green Caribbean in sight. No one in Jamaica should miss taking this drive at least once—but the cost, in time, is two hours and fifteen minutes. By air, now, Kingston to Ocho Rios is only fifty minutes and \$8 one-way flying over the Blue Mountains, which are actually a deep blue-green.

From Ocho Rios to Montego Bay is sixty miles and two hours by car along the Caribbean coast; the same route by air, looking down over the white scalloped beaches and the spread of hotels, takes only twenty-five minutes and \$8, for one.

MADRID

There is a great deal of pleasure in El Anticuario, Madrid's newest restaurant. It is, to begin with, both a restaurant and a showroom in which everything is for sale: the tufted, duck-blue satin settees in the small sitting room; the Spanish pottery, French porcelains, Mexican glass—used in the three small dining rooms; the red-framed prints, many of them of bulls, hung on the walls; the ash trays—all are for sale. Even the blue tiles which pave the bar may be ordered.

This unusual restaurant-shop is the brain-child of the owner of El Anticuario, the talented Portuguese decorator, Duarte Pinto Coelho, who decided, too, on the delicious Portuguese desserts and the fact that one order may include at least two kinds—for instance, a pale-gold dessert of ground walnuts, the texture of hard sauce, and a sticky cube of pastry covered with browned almonds.

El Anticuario is in the section called Old Madrid at Plaza Marqués de Comillas, 2, a small, lopsided plaza around a small park which tilts uphill.



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Besides, you'd think we were boasting. So here are some quotes from Cadillac ladies. "We've had Cadillacs for ten years, but this one is by far the easiest to drive." (A new engine, advanced transmissions, and a true-center drive line do the work.) "If clouds had power steering, they'd handle like this." (She's referring to

*A wonderful extra-cost option.

our improved power steering and advanced suspension system.) "That Comfort Control* is incredible. Dial your temperature and forget it." (And only Cadillac has it.) Your dealer has a lot of other quotes—for Cadillac ladies are wonderfully vocal this year. Visit him soon and hear all the exciting new facts for yourself.

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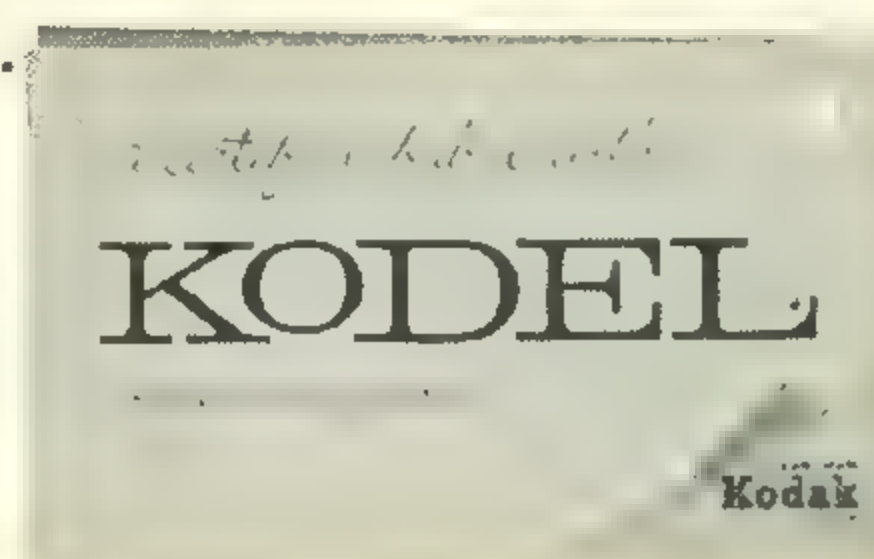
String strap empire in petal pink or aqua blue. Floral print blends pink, green and tones of blue. Both in sizes 8 to 16. Each about \$110 with stole. Slightly higher in west.



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DERNIER CRI

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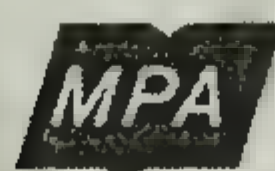
She's the first to recognize the return of crepe... the demise of chiffon. She knows when a porkpie is "in"... a pillbox "out."

Familiar with the world of Givenchy and Galitzine, Venet and Valentino... she *lives* in a world of printed sweaters and pullover suits... textured stockings and beaded tops.

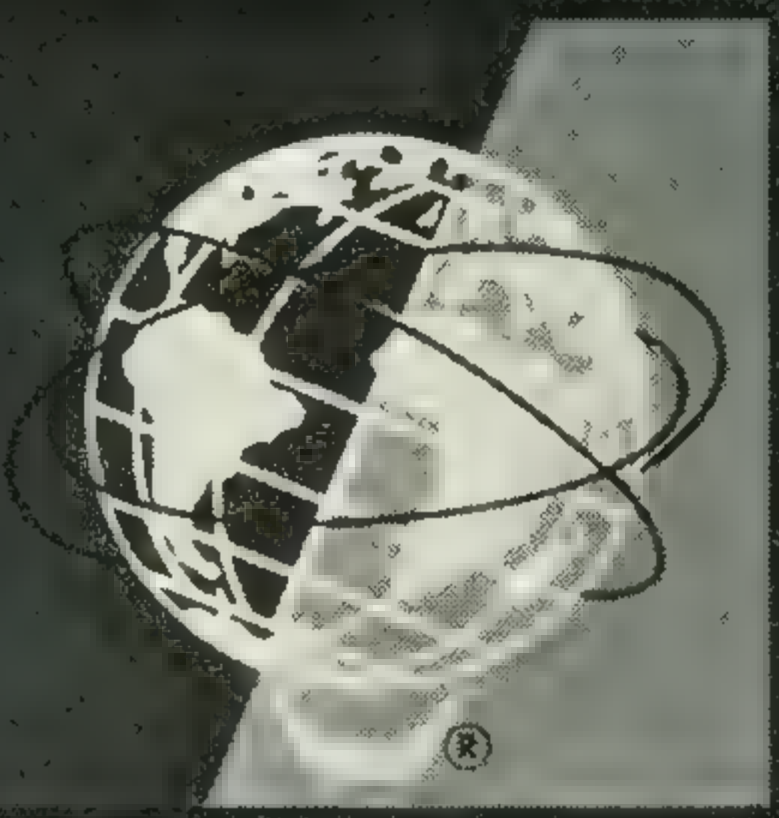
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She's quoted... copied...

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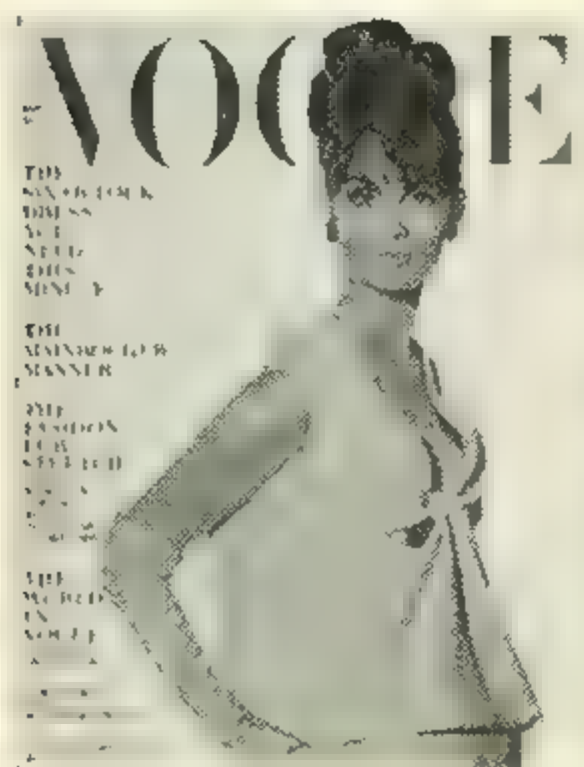


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SEVEN WORLD VOGUES



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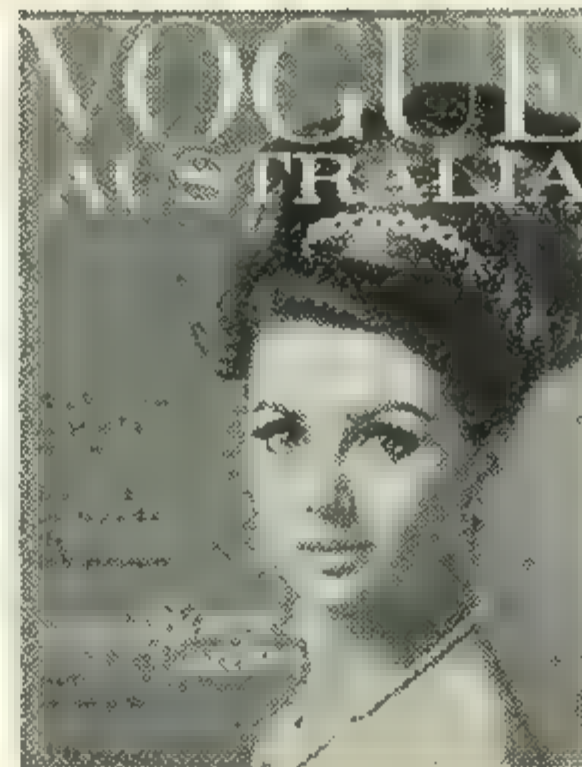
British
Vogue



French
Vogue



Vogue
South Africa



Vogue
Australia



Vogue
New Zealand



Novita
Italy

The international spheres of fashion influence will whirl closer this year when the New York World's Fair brings the world's people together. This is an invitation to preview the excitement of the Fair: the new clothes, the places to see, eat, shop. The suddenly-urgent reasons for traveling to and across America on the track of fashion with world-wide connections are pinpointed on the following pages, pages that appear simultaneously in seven VOGUES around the globe.



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The Marchesa di Grésy*, creator of internationally famous Italian knits, designs styles exclusively for I. Magnin bearing her own name, speeds them by daily jet to all I. Magnin stores. Here, two world travelers, a wool knit coat with printed jersey dress and a two-piece suit, both reflecting the di Grésy flair for imaginative design and perfectionist detailing.

*Mirsà, Galliate, Italy



Holding the best of all worlds

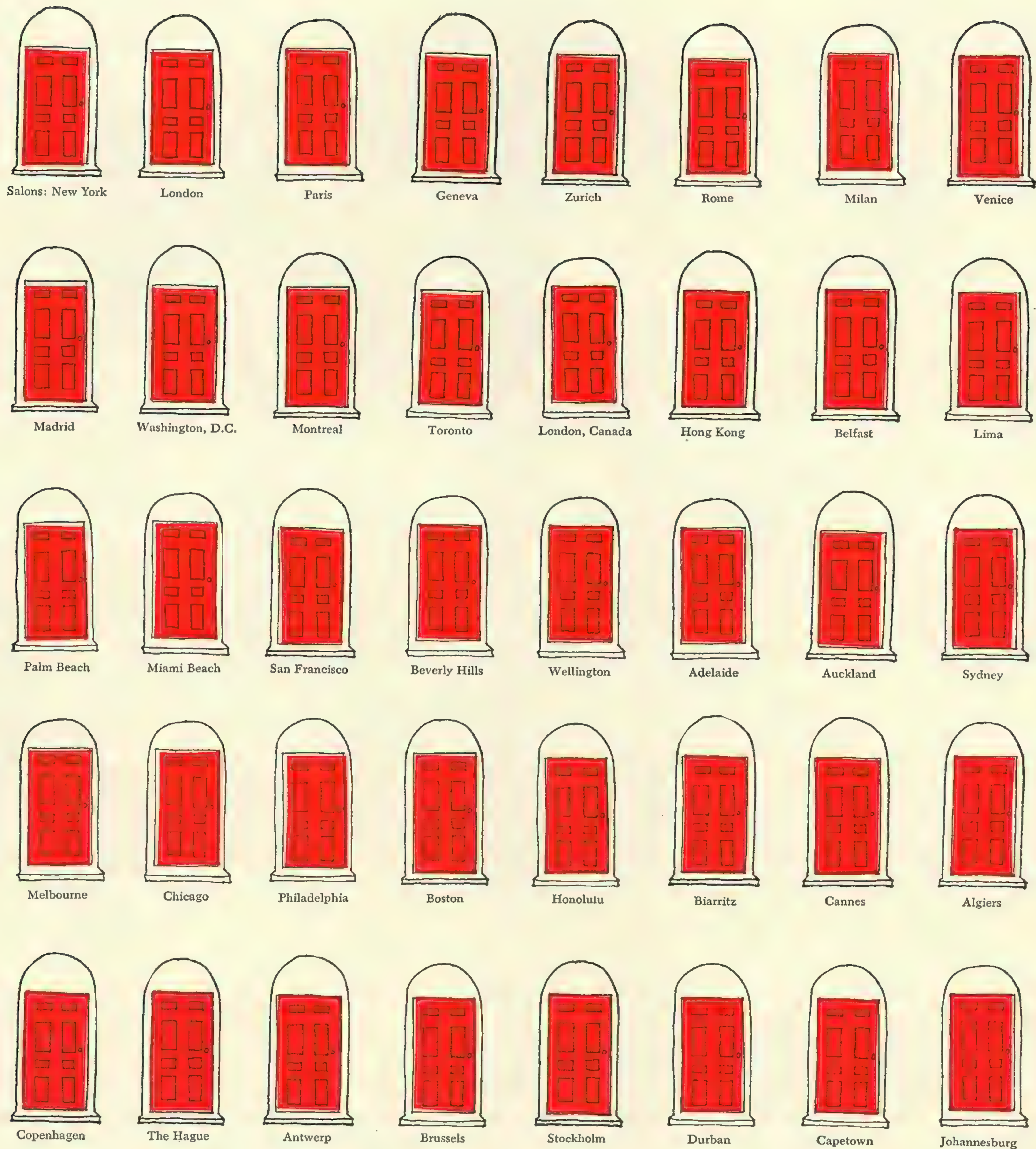
The Great Fair of 1964—and Lord & Taylor.

Two of the best reasons in the world to visit New York this spring, for this famous Fifth Avenue store is a miniature world's fair all on its own, with fashion, home furnishings and gifts from everywhere.

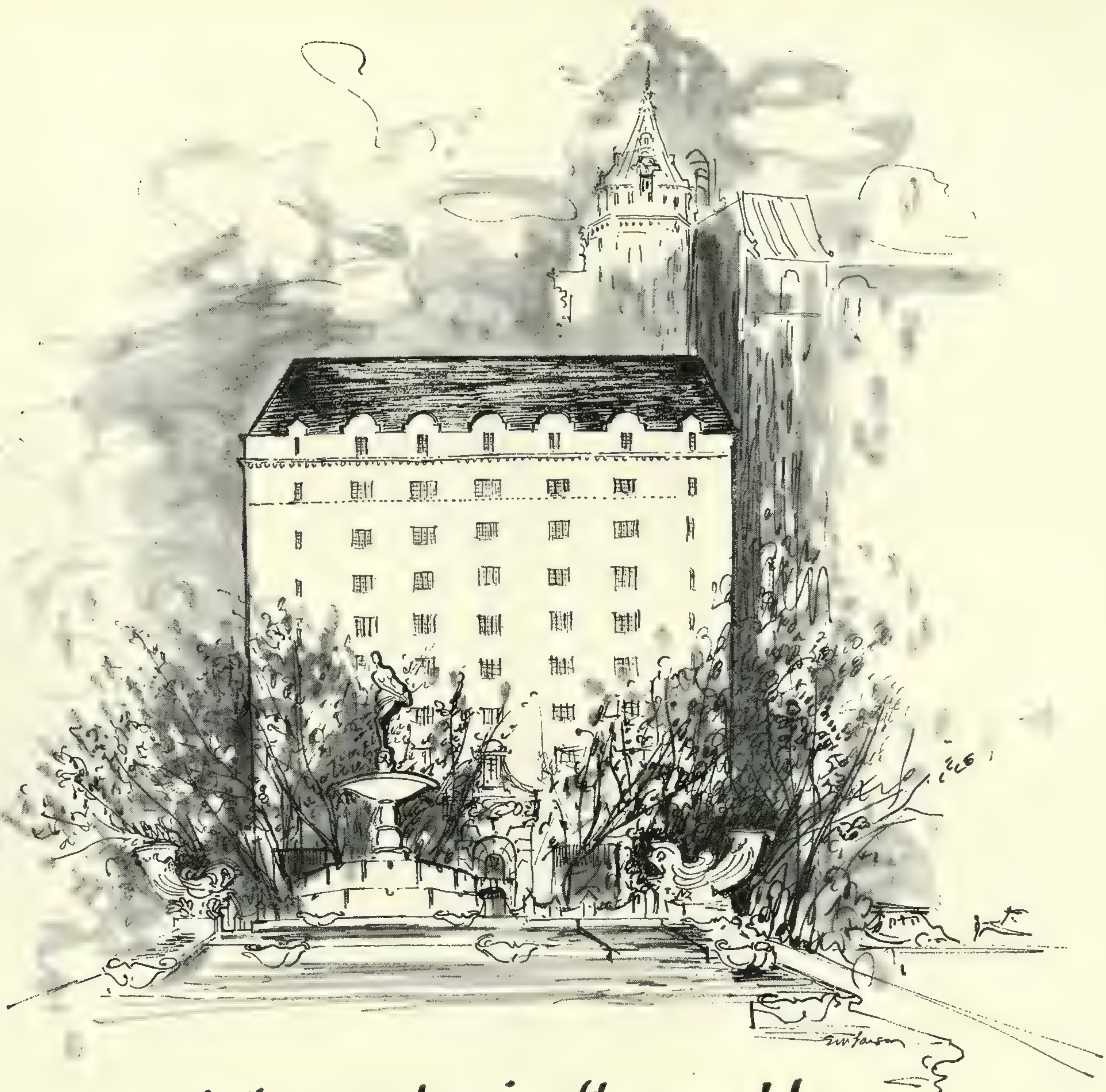
Specialty of the house—a Personal Shopping Service that speaks your language, for overseas guests, and the Red Rose Shopping Service just for men.

Come to the Fair—you won't want to leave without seeing Lord & Taylor, too!

Fifth Avenue at Thirty-Eighth Street, New York City



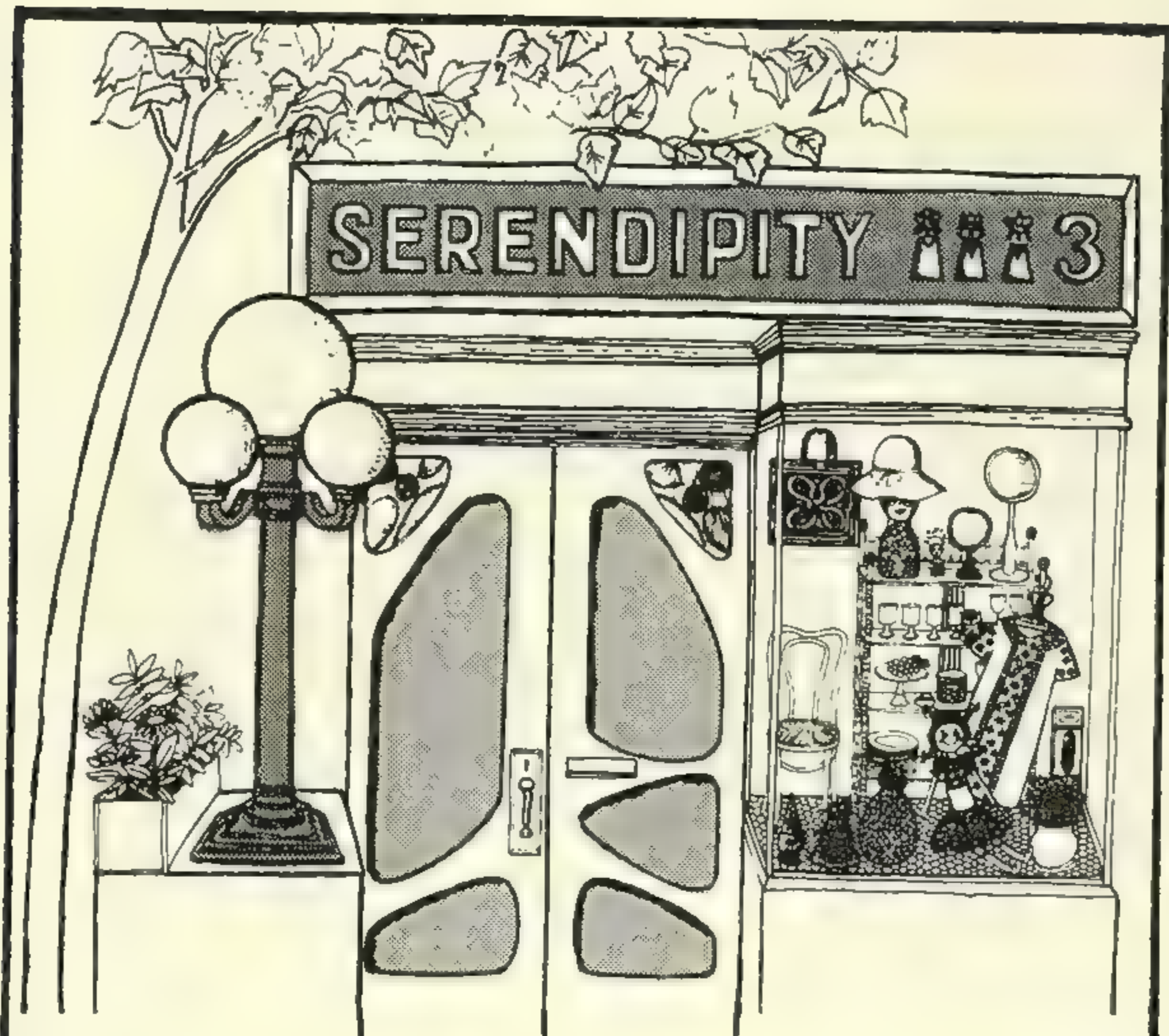
Around the world in forty doors
that's the beauty of *Elizabeth Arden*



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English hansom cabs, plus a great American fashion
institution—all beautifully landscaped? The answer is,
of course, only On The Plaza—at 58th Street
and Fifth Avenue, the heart of elegant New York. The trees, the cabs,
the panorama of Central Park brighten our daily fashion thinking,
a thinking flavored by our own world-oriented staff of fashion
experts. The collections they've assembled here feature
the choice, the beautiful, the rare—from anywhere
and everywhere. All through the store, there's a
worldliness distilled from backgrounds that reach around the globe,
and dip deeply into American tradition. Women the world
over cherish this international flavor, and we cherish
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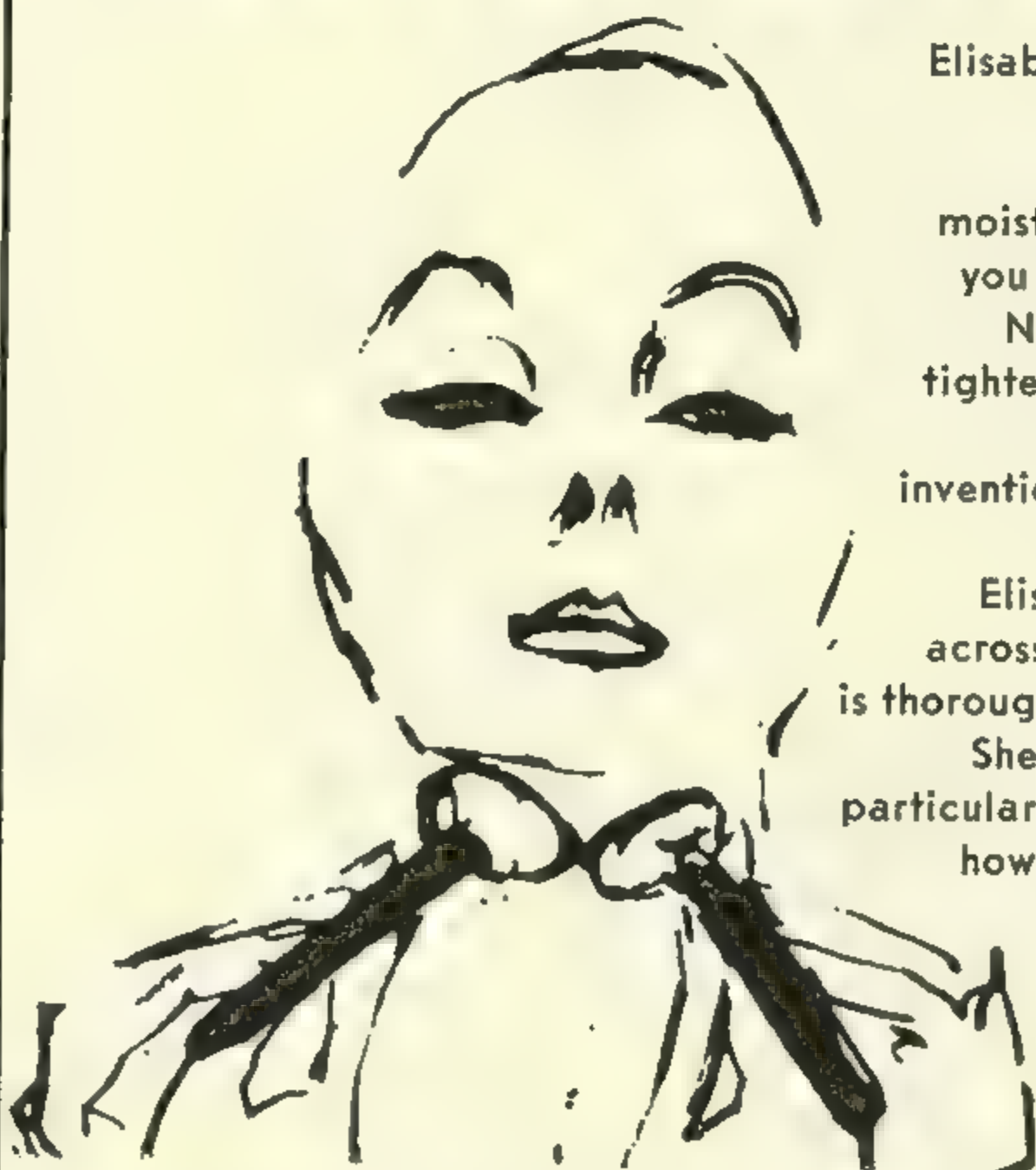
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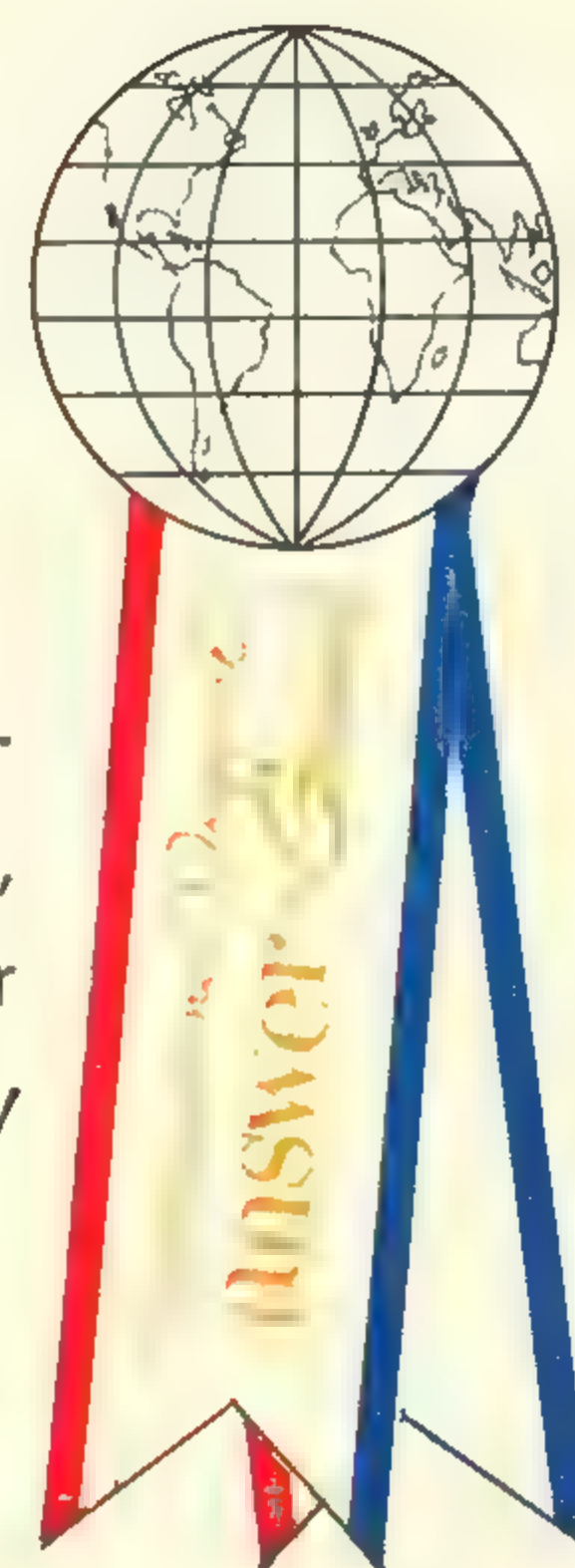
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books

BY JEAN STAFFORD

One book, "jokers whose jokes go too far"

EDITOR'S NOTE: Jean Stafford is a famous novelist, her fame resting primarily on her three books, *Boston Adventure*, *The Mountain Lion*, and *The Catherine Wheel*. Her reviews will appear in the fifteenth-of-the-month issues, and those of Erik Wensberg in the first-of-the-month issues.

The landscape of Alan Sillitoe's fiction is smoke-smudged, mildewed Nottingham whose scruffy suburbs huddle in the fuming shadows of factories and mines. The weather on the whole is nasty; lung disease is endemic and poverty is the general condition. But the restless boys and young men who brawl and thief and clown in these dark, humid purlieus are luminous descendants of Robin Hood, anarchistic, adventurous, seemly at heart. They commit crime but their impulses are not criminal; they are practical jokers whose jokes sometimes go too far and fetch them up in Borstal.

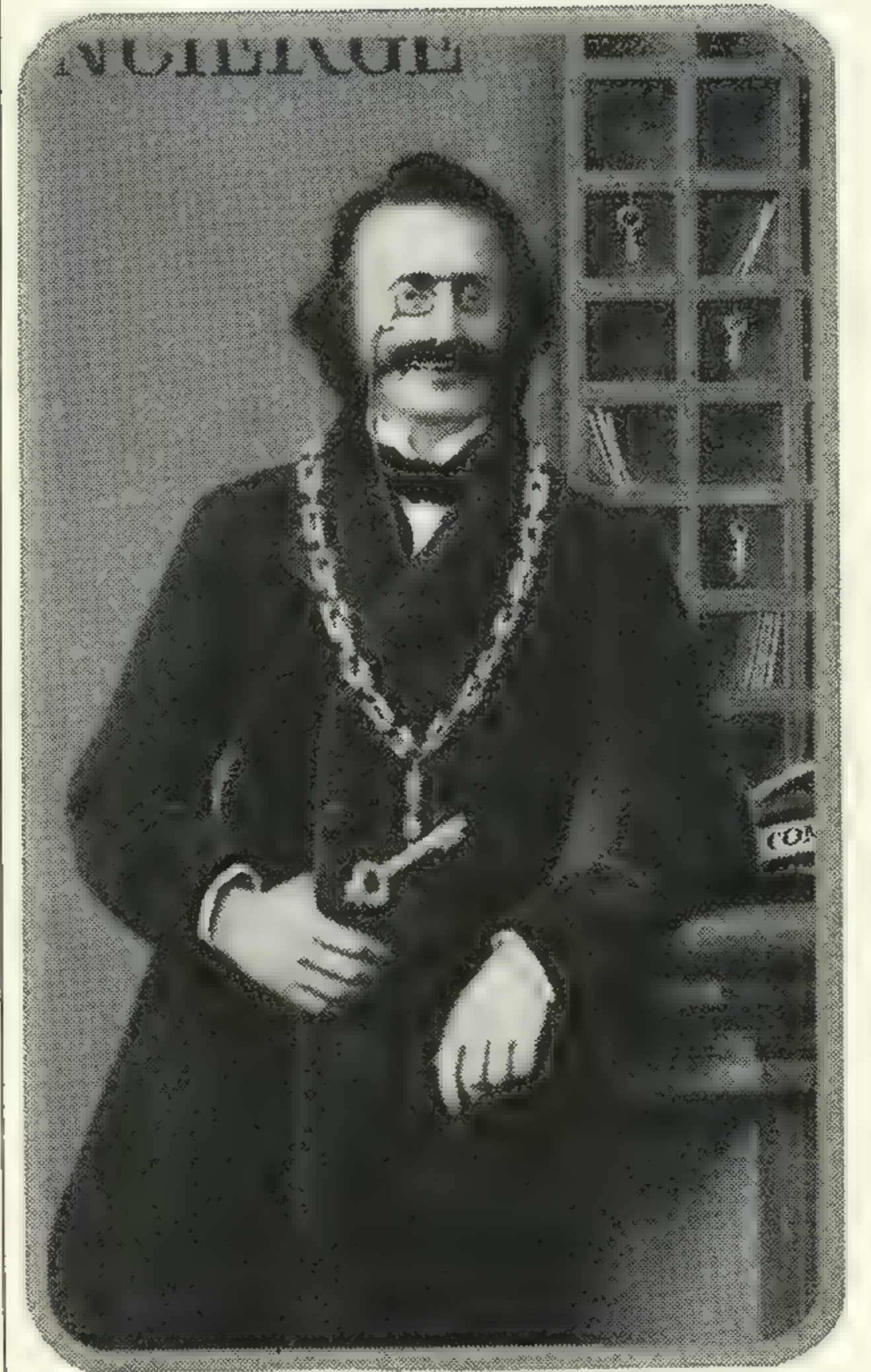
The narrator of the title story in Mr. Sillitoe's new collection, *The Ragman's Daughter and Other Stories*, published by Knopf, has been light-fingered since infancy but he has no use for possessions. As often as not he chucks what he has stolen into the river, a gesture that satisfies him more than the original felony. He likes girls but he likes thieving better; the Utopian circumstance is having a warm-blooded girl with him on his forays, and when he finds Doris, the rich ragman's pretty and privileged daughter, his life becomes a constant thrill. Breathlessly in love, the gifted team prowl by night, lifting clothes and food and money and leaving the loot in dustbins for astonished bums to find. When the lark ends in jail for the lad and heartbreak for him and his golden girl, the reader feels that law and order have wantonly extinguished an innocent and exuberant talent.

The precocious arsonist in the story, "The Firebug," is obsessed with his potential power when he manages to scrounge matches, but he can not bear to think of people being burnt to death and when he sets his masterpiece that requires six howling engines, he is careful to do it in a wood where no houses are.

Like their ancestor, Sillitoe men love the greenwood and the open road and, while once in a while they daydream of London or nostalgically recall the countries where they were stationed during the war, usually they imagine some untrammelled pastoral life in sun and under fresh clouds. Tony, the ragman's daughter's sweetheart, "pictured us riding in the country, overland to Langley Mill and Matlock Bath. . . Bit by bit we'd edge to Scotland and maybe at the end of all our long wanderings by horse we'd get a job as man and wife working a lighthouse. . ."

Two boys, caught stealing lead pipes and terrified at the thought of being sent to an approved school, set off to run away; the undertaking is too big and they do not get far but they give up reluctantly: "I took a last look at the sun and clouds, that made the country appear so much more comforting than streets and thieving and the certainty of a bash across the mug when I got back home to them." From a distance, from the seat of a motorbike rocketing between the hedgerows, slag heaps lose their ugliness and take on an unreal "far-off vacant colour, as if they weren't real." A job at the sawmill is infinitely preferable to one in a factory because of the smells of fresh leaves and new sawdust. Two friends go hunting early on a fine morning and in the neighbourhood of Sherwood Forest, in the pre-dawn dark and the quiet, "they were kings of the countryside."

Some of these seven stories are anecdotal and there is an unworthy facility in their resolutions; in all the stories there is occasionally a tone that threatens to become maudlin. But the workmanship and the spirit of the three longest, "The Ragman's Daughter," "The Magic Box," and "The Good Women," are forthright and energetic and the comedy comes with ease; Sillitoe's creatures are so good-willed and ram-bunctious that it is not too hard to forgive their moments of softness. The Industrial Revolution mucked up their handsome terrain ages ago and a thousand other upheavals have dislocated the collective heart and brain, but these outlaws are not angry; they wish things were different but, what the hell, the milk was spilt too long ago to cry over now.



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BY HENRY POPKIN

One play, "studied artificiality of a ritual"

One play, "extraordinarily effective"

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Henry Popkin is a well-known drama critic, the editor of the book, The Concise Encyclopedia of Modern Drama. His reviews will appear in the fifteenth-of-the-month issues, and those of Elizabeth Hardwick in the first-of-the-month issues.*

The Maids, which was Jean Genet's first play Off-Broadway, is now performed in a new production as elaborate as a religious ceremony and as broad as an Italian opera. Genet aims at the carefully studied artificiality of a ritual; previous American productions, like *Death Watch* and *The Balcony*, defeated his purposes. The Off-Broadway version of *The Blacks* was more like it, but *The Maids* has more of the bravura style that Genet demands. Directed by Aldo Bruzzichelli, a Florentine who has the word directly from the master himself, this production permits New York playgoers to see a stylized sort of acting that, normally, they find only in foreign companies. The two principal actresses, Lee Grant and Kathleen Widdoes, rise to this rare occasion, Miss Grant providing a portrait in mannerism and Miss Widdoes a study in animation.

The play calls for this method because, throughout most of it, the two maids are posturing—enacting and exaggerating the tyrannical rule of their mistress, whose tyranny turns out to be rather mild and patronizing when we see it at first hand. The maids improve on reality, and thus they show us Genet's preoccupation with the rebel's envious impersonation of his master. Genet's rebellious slaves always exaggerate in their play-acting, as if to indicate that their real wish is to outdo their masters in tyranny. That wild yet ceremonious exaggeration is the keynote of the present production of *The Maids*.

The Ginger Man. Off-Broadway's limitations are often matters of personality and no more. If, say, Kirk Douglas had elected to take J. P. Donleavy's *The Ginger Man* uptown, instead of his recent, feeble Broadway vehicle, *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, Donleavy's reputation as a "money" dramatist would have been made. *The Ginger Man* will win no first prize for dramaturgy, but it has more laughs than *One Flew Over*, etc., and its underpaid Off-Broadway cast gets most of them. This is the comedy of a rogue who, by his irresponsibility, drives his wife out of the house, pursues her to her new residence, drives her out again, and then seduces her timid lady boarder. He wins our interest by making jokes throughout all his immoral actions and also by never begging to be understood. His father-in-law failed to come through with a dowry, but that is not the point. No social or economic cause explains the ginger man, as it does his contemporary and look-alike, the hero of John Osborne's *Look Back in Anger*; Donleavy's hero just likes being an immoralist.

Patrick O'Neal is effective in the lead, even if he does rely too much on his knack of casual underplaying. He loses some laughs that way and even some words. (I prefer Nicol Williamson, who is now playing the same rôle in London and conveying a sense of intense dedication to irresponsibility, a dedication from which no thought of duty will ever deflect him.) Marian Seldes is both warm and comically precise as the lady boarder, but she will have left the cast before these words appear in print. Margaret Phillips and Stefan Gierasch perform ably as the wife and a hapless friend.

In White America. Martin B. Duberman's collection of readings about the Negro in America is extraordinarily effective. Every incident is truly acted out and not merely indicated, as in the manner of many "staged readings," and not one selection misses its intended effect. All the actors are competent, but Gloria Foster is brilliant.

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BEAUTY CHECKOUT



Success formula for faces

Every now and then, a cosmetics maker will hit upon something that may surprise even himself. Something so genuinely taken to by women that *nothing* will explain its success—nothing, that is, excepting the obvious: it fills a need. That, more or less, is the aura surrounding a make-up foundation called Sheer Genius by Max Factor. Introduced in 1960 as a tubeful of sympathetic, easily-spread foundation colour, it began to be taken up by an almost ungroupable group: the young, middle-aged, frankly aged, and the in-betweens, all of whom appeared to find that it did something for them. A second formulation of Sheer Genius was put on the market in 1961, this version (not a replacement for the original, but rather an addition to it) was called Sheer Genius Extra Cover, and was designed especially for the foundation needs of women who like very opaque make-up. Then, taking a leaf from the Sheer Genius book in the autumn of 1963, came a fascinating family of liquid rouge tints—pastel tints built by Max Factor along the same creamy, quickly applicable liquid lines of the original Sheer Genius. Adding to the range of the pastel tint rouge now is a white toner called Toning White to build highlights and kill facial shadows: same company, same formulation. . . . This could go on and on until every facial fault and every cosmetic need has felt the cool, close-fitting touch of Sheer Genius. In terms of cosmetic accomplishment, this kind of thing amounts to Masterpieceville. . . .

New dream girl, Méditerranée

She wears eyebrow-tangling bangs. (And, so, a new breath of bangs is sweeping from Rome to Paris by the Southern route.) She has blond hair, deep eyes. (And so have her followers.) She has given Europe the successor to the Brigitte Bardot syndrome—and she is the European movie star, Catherine Spaak, who will be seen here in English some time in March in *The Empty Canvas*. More interested in clothes than you might expect of a guitar-playing, seemingly vague, young woman, she wears the amusing Italian-flavoured clothes that Capucci designs. We'll do some studies of her in detail—in the meantime, if influences mean anything, look for the Catherine Spaak look; blond bangs moving westward from the sea.

Nail enamel— speed course

While it probably counts as beauty minutiae of the most minute sort, the time spent waiting for fingernail enamel to dry can be: irritating as all get-out; messy, if you can't wait; and not particularly constructive in any case. Therefore we were happy to hear all kinds of good things about Instant Dry, a curious oil made in Atlanta by someone called Alicia Karol, which cuts drying time to sixty seconds, and leaves a coat of supple, highlit gloss on the fingernails. Some beauty salons have it. So have some shops—Evelyn Marshall, New York City, for one. The enamel job it saves may be your own. . . .

Florida vacation in beauty shopping

When you consider the number of explorations into deepest sales psychology (the National Geographic ought to send out a camera-armed reporting party), almost nothing, in 1964, seems very astonishing. And yet we find ourselves astonished at, and rivetted by, a beauty-products sales concept which originated in a balmy, palm-encircled stucco building in Florida, and has since spread quietly about the U.S.A. How it could be described is: the Sell Yourself method. How it works is this way: a group of well-researched, forward-looking treatment products and make-up things—charmingly packaged and pleasantly presented—are turned out by a Florida firm called Carissa. The entire battery of products, including scents, is set up in a small mobile display case which can be sent for, studied, and ordered from, by a woman sitting under the dryer in a hairdressing salon. The client acts as her own saleswoman, gets some sort of sweetening by way of bonus if she sells herself a stated minimum of products. All the while, we like to think, the headquarters-based Carissa sales staff is ankle-deep in salt water or gone fishing. . . .

movies

BY PAUL BRESLOW

One movie, with "significance and originality"

One movie, with "banal variations"

EDITOR'S NOTE: Paul Breslow made not only the documentary movie, *An Answer to Apathy*, but has a reputation as an acid, understanding reviewer of films. His reviews will appear in the fifteenth-of-the-month issues, and those of Joan Didion in the first-of-the-month issues.

The significance and originality of *Dr. Strangelove*, Stanley Kubrick's satire on nuclear war, automatism, and cultural trash, lie in the perversity of our own reaction to it: that we should find the destruction of the world in some way satisfying expands into repugnant relevance. Plato's observation that laughter is a combination of pain and pleasure comparable to scratching an itch.

Kubrick plays ambivalently with the inadequacies of the stereotyped American character in much the same way that Pop Artists adopt the images of commerce in their paintings without precisely endorsing them; his central stratagem, like theirs, is to install us as parents to a nasty childishness that is not quite our own. His tactics are occasionally tawdry, at the *Catch-22* level of funny names (General Jack D. Ripper); sometimes opportunistic (why else have Peter Sellers play three rôles?); and too often derivative (from such sources as Luis Buñuel and *The Establishment* revue). Moreover, his style proclaims its slick rigidity with recurrent images of volant bombers, mostly faked, that serve as unnecessary "meanwhiles." Yet these flaws have some parodic function; they are partly offset by a disciplined temporal sense; and Kubrick's major talent for the malicious caricature of grown babies born of popular culture flourishes beside them.

The bizarre figures of *Dr. Strangelove* simultaneously parody false personality (madness and hypocrisy), and false art (cowboy and war movies). For example, *Strangelove* himself (Peter Sellers) shows us, as the subtitle says, *How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb*, by demonstrating that he isn't human, but simply a perfected creation of inauthentic art.

Sellers' mimicry, elsewhere so annoying in its desiccation of character and overstatement of mannerism, suits the model of autistic evil, for *Strangelove*, in the pre-compassionate Hollywood tradition, lives only in his gestures, and every artifice of technical impersonation, from the gloved hand that jerks toward self-strangulation, to the moral paralysis that liberates him from his wheelchair with the joyful promise of devastation, appropriately functions to condense nihilism's raging core of helplessness. A related point is made with an interracial crew of stock types; here zooming glances at an "Auto Destruct" switch (Kubrick likes both signs and symbols) emphasize that this director's comic-book world of personified lusts automates destruction through movements of style and reference alike that parallel the compulsions of *Strangelove*. This world, of which Kubrick is both an observer and an inhabitant, arms passion without illuminating its purposes, and denies will to decision. Yet immersion in the absurdity of sentiment's irrelevance to such a world may become gratification in its technical license, and Kubrick's final coupling of mushroom clouds with a sentimental song suggests that he has failed adequately to distinguish irony from sarcasm, imagination from contrivance.

The director of *The Prize*, Mark Robson, sacrifices the inane pleasure of confusing the talents rewarded by the Nobel Prize with those certified by the Motion Picture Academy Awards, to (a) his obsession with doors and cars, (b) the determination by Robson's writer, Ernest Lehman, to plagiarize his own work, first done in Hitchcock's *North by Northwest*, and (c) their jointly graceless efforts to explore, at galactic length, all of the most banal variations on Russian-, truth-, and girl-questing. MCM's creative axioms receive their scientific analogue in a scene that has a dying Edward G. Robinson restored to life by the application of bared electric wires to his heart.

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there is
no substitute for

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1. Think about dieting tomorrow
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4. Use a sugar substitute in coffee
5. Eat an occasional low-calorie meal
6. Decide to starve for a day or two
7. Buy elaborate exercising equipment
8. Skip breakfast some days
9. Try every fad diet that comes along
10. Wear clothes that hide your figure
11. Live on reducing pills
12. Drink skim milk occasionally
13. Simply avoid fried foods
14. Fill up on bulky foods
15. Etc., etc., etc.

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(Advertisement)

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

French ways in San Francisco—
a festival, a ball, an Eiffel Tower



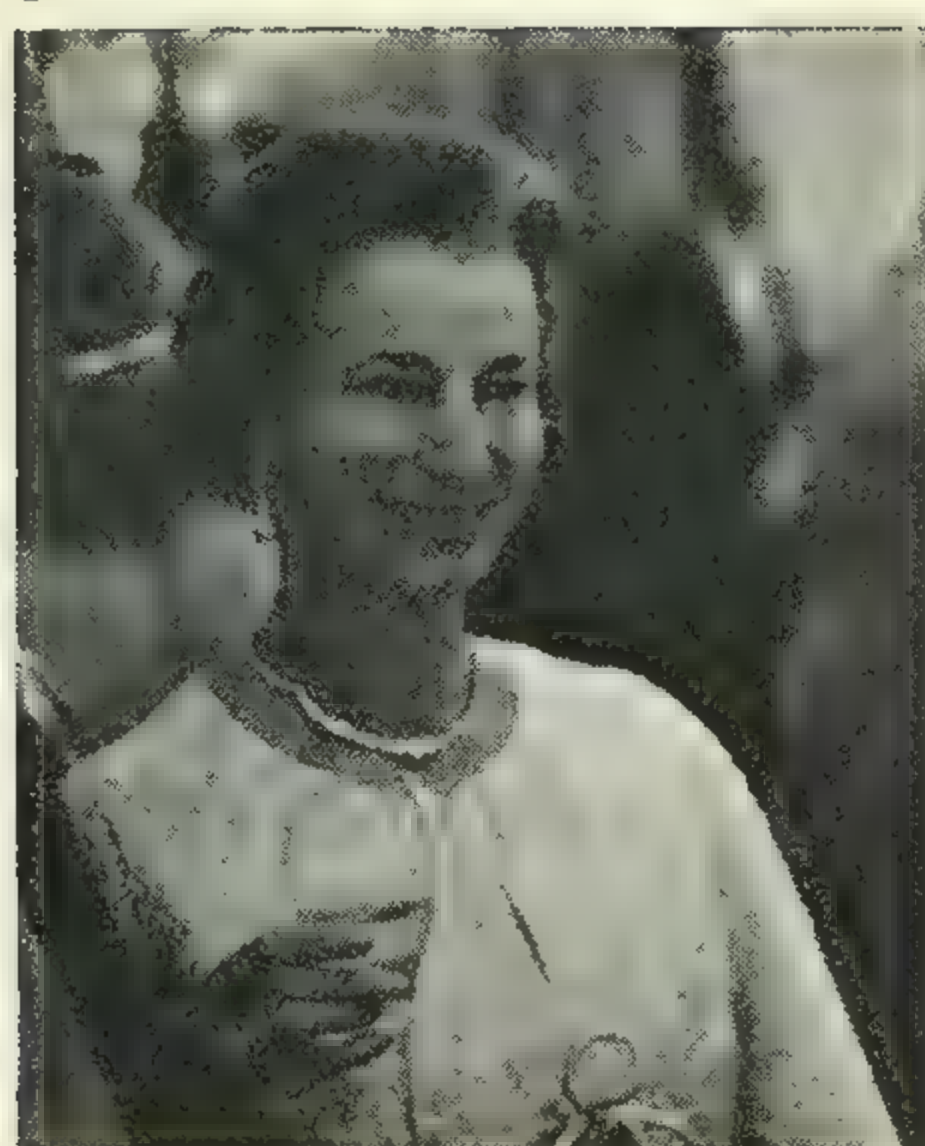
1

Capping ten days of happy twinship between Paris and San Francisco, this Bal de l'Élégance brought out everyone in full dress with decorations for wine-tasting, dinner, and dancing. As guests of honour, Ambassador and Mme. Hervé Alphant came from Washington; many others, including the Mayor of Paris and Mme. Jean Auburtin flew in over the North Pole from Paris. Great gold plaques lettered with *les grands crus de Champagne* marked eleven flowered booths where guests tasted the wines, choosing their preferred vintages for dinner. Dinner was dinner, with no dancing. That came later, after a showing of Paris clothes by ten mannequins from Paris. San Francisco, in fact, took on such a Parisian air for ten days that a sidewalk café went up in Maiden Lane; I. Magnin's ground floor was mapped in Paris streets; the opera company gave Poulenc's *Les Dialogues des Carmélites*; exhibitions of French tapestries



2

3



4



5



6

and Rodin sculptures were put on; and Union Square took on a slight French manner with a tall tricoloured Eiffel Tower.

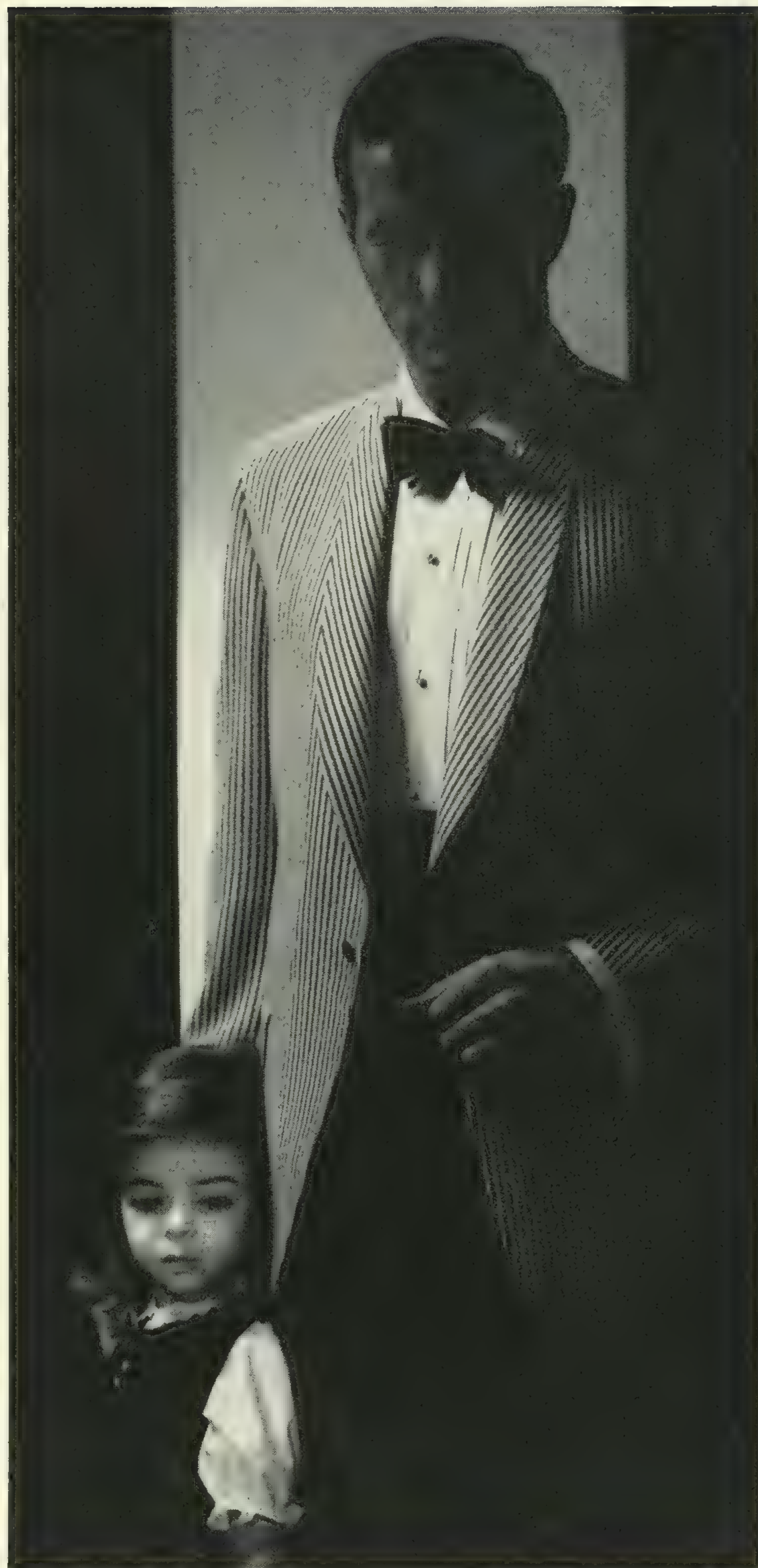
1. Guests tasting eleven great wines of Champagne brought from France for the party. 2. At dinner, *left to right*, facing camera, Mr. David Pleydell-Bouverie, Mrs. Herb Caen, Mr. Herb Caen, the well-known columnist for *The San Francisco Chronicle*; back to camera, Mrs. James Ludwig and Mr. Jean Martory. 3. Mrs. Robert Magowan. 4. Miss Diana Burgess and Mr. John Redington. 5. Count and Countess Karl Schoenborn. 6. Mme. de la Ferrière, the wife of the Deputy Consul General from France to San Francisco. 7. Mrs. Adolphus Andrews and Mr. Warren Clark. 8. Mrs. George Cameron, president of Comité France-Amérique, which the party benefited, with Governor Edmund G. Brown.



7



8



A woman's
most important accessory
... her escort.

His dinner jacket by LORD WEST,
makers of gentlemen's formal clothes.
Forty-Five dollars at fine stores.

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"WHERE YOU CAN BUY"—SEE LAST PAGE

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PRICE




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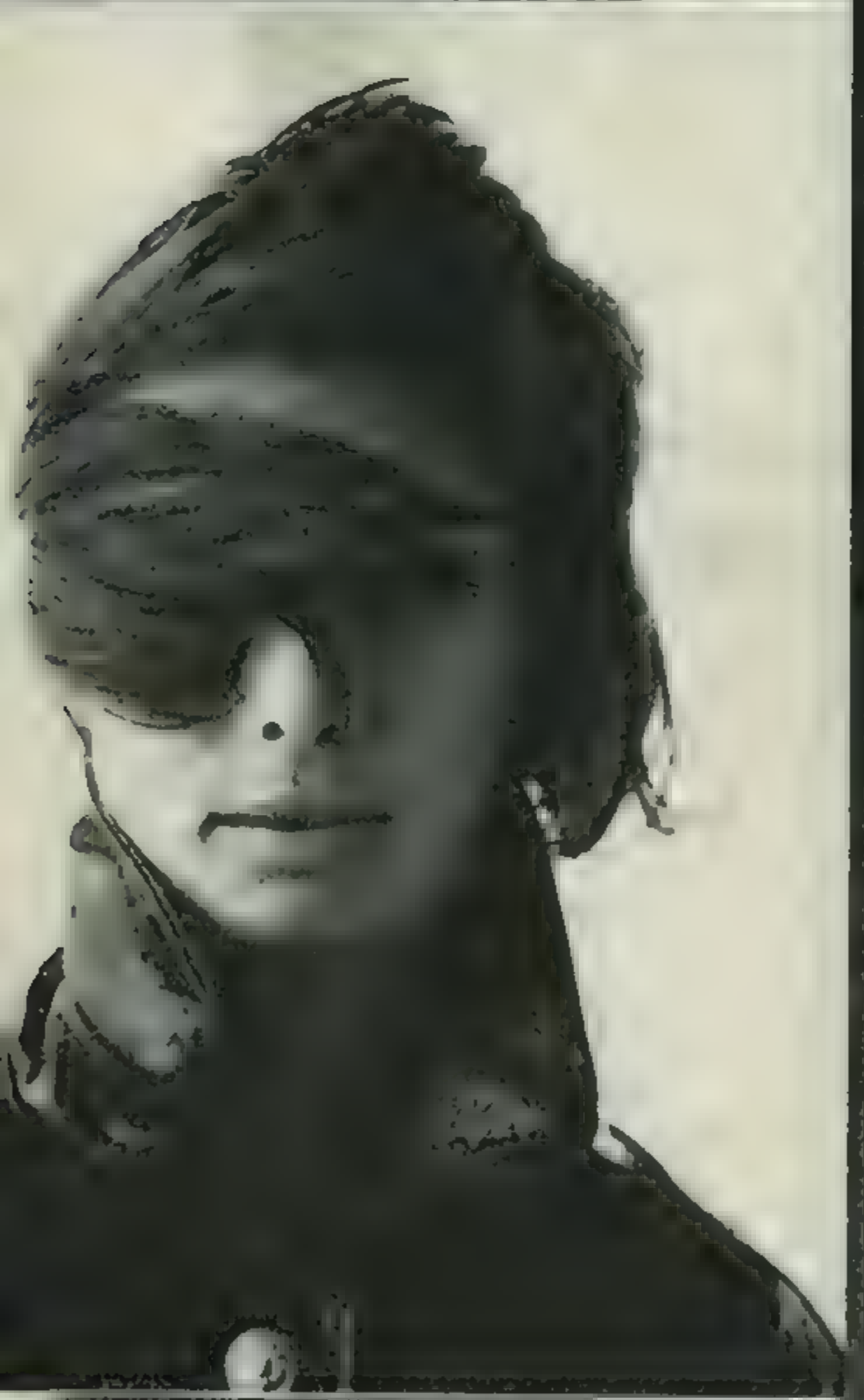
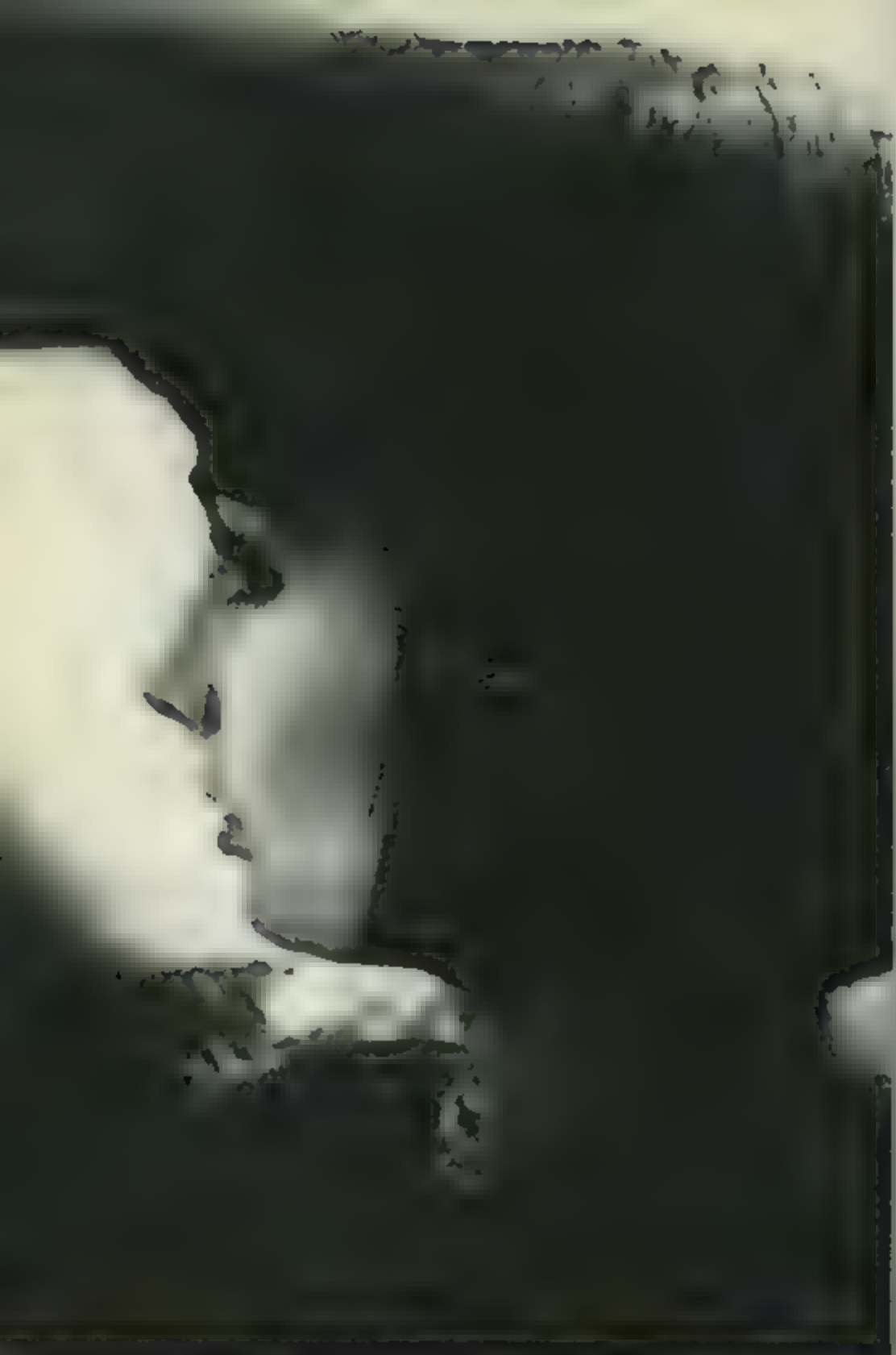
VOGUE's

*eye view of
a romantic spirit*

*Full of the pleasure of everyday rituals—
the running of a house,
the planning of a party,
the amusement of children.*

*Savouring the poetry of small things—
the smell of leather polish and wood wax,
the touch of a handful of sea-scrubbed
pebbles...imperfect, unlike; beautiful.*

*These are held by Mrs. Frederick A. Cushing
who, in the following pages, embodies
this romantic spirit—its rare perceptions,
its unique blend of gaiety and calm.*



Natalie Cushing—
glimpses of
a young romantic

here and on the next six pages







Matalie Cushing...

*The small perfect skull, the straight nose,
the roundness and firmness of the chin,
the long strong neck, the grave dignity and
pride of carriage—all of this we've seen...in
a head of Arethusa on an ancient Greek coin—
in a fifteenth-century Bronzino princess—in
a portrait by Ingres. Now, in a photograph
of a modern young woman, her
hair soaked to her head by sea-water, we
see it all again—this continuity of great beauty
that is the very essence of romance.*

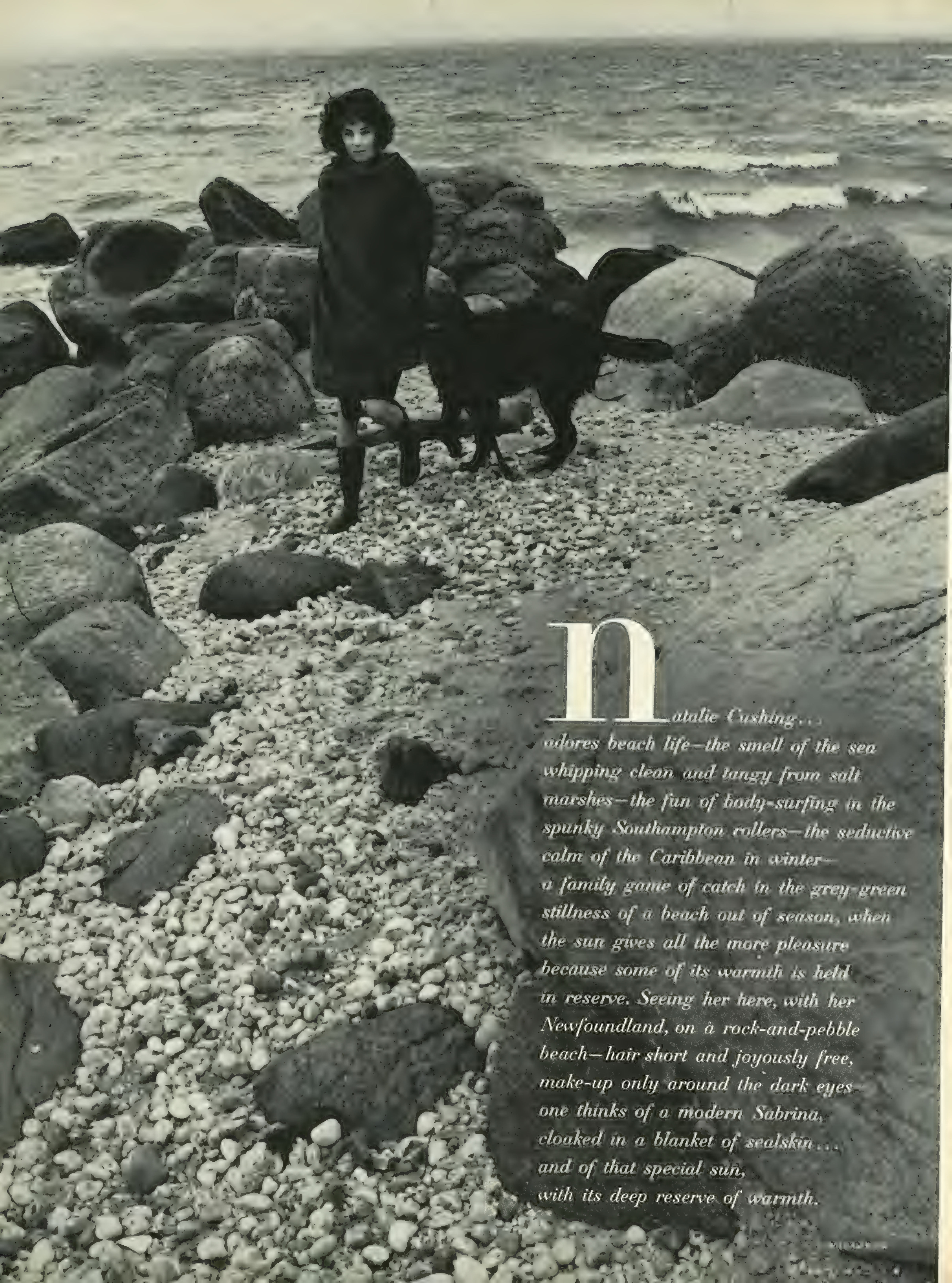


Natalie Cushing...

a very private sort of person, with an extraordinarily attractive voice—clear, candid, quietly compelling. She is a passionate cook—adores giving gala dinners for twelve, impromptu lunches for four... rises at a quarter past six to fix breakfast for her husband and two small children. Her house is big and comfortable, filled with the fragrances that satisfy her deeply—the smell of trees and leaves that are everywhere nearby, of shined shoes and riding boots, of sun and pungent wood wax on rooms full of eighteenth-century English furniture. She is a good tennis player—a fine horsewoman—shoots golf in the low nineties. Loves, at a moment's notice, to cram her little red Alfa Romeo with children, toys, her two-hundred-pound Newfoundland puppy, picnic gear—and spend a blissful afternoon toasting marshmallows on a pebbly stretch of beach, minutes away.







natalie Cushing...

adores beach life—the smell of the sea whipping clean and tangy from salt marshes—the fun of body-surfing in the spunky Southampton rollers—the seductive calm of the Caribbean in winter—a family game of catch in the grey-green stillness of a beach out of season, when the sun gives all the more pleasure because some of its warmth is held in reserve. Seeing her here, with her Newfoundland, on a rock-and-pebble beach—hair short and joyously free, make-up only around the dark eyes—one thinks of a modern Sabrina, cloaked in a blanket of sealskin... and of that special sun, with its deep reserve of warmth.







White tweed
closer to
the body,

far left. The smaller-bodied idea that's all over fashion—and delicious—this spring. Narrow across the shoulders, a charming 18th-century look to the sleeves—slim, rounded, set-in high. Bound in white and gold braid, buttoned in brass. By David Kidd for Jablow. Linton mohair and wool. Saks Fifth Avenue; Harold's; Sakowitz; Frederick & Nelson. Nettie Rosenstein necklace. Viola Weinberger gloves. Halston hat made to order at Bergdorf Goodman. **Yoked-back coat, left.**

In the freshest of meadow-grass greens, a coat rounded out from a crescent yoke in back, but laid close at the front, giving an illusion of smallness—a feeling of softness. Dropped shoulders, relaxed sleeves, a small rounded collar. Coat by Christian Dior-New York. Of wool, mohair, and Fibranne. Saks Fifth Avenue; Julius Garfinckel; L. S. Ayres; Neiman-Marcus. Brania necklace. Lilly Daché hat. Dior No. 26 lipstick.

**SOFT
SNAPPY
TWEEDS—
THIS
SPRING'S
IDEAS**



Tweed—and the blouse *juste*, left. Clear pink linen for the long, loose overblouse here—so much the blouse *juste* that the easy, straight jacket is lined and cuffed in more of the same pink linen. Pink and yellow wool tweed (fabric by Litex). By Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner. Marvella bracelets. Both: Bonwit Teller. Suit: Rich's; Hudson's; Frost Bros. Halston hat made to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Jacqueline Cochran Perky Pink lipstick. **Heathery tweeds, bias-banded overblouse.** The easy-everywhere suit in grey, aquamarine, and white. Linen overblouse with a low, soft neck, a bias band moving over the midriff. Jacket rounded in back, and the easiest walking skirt. About \$245. By Jacques Tiffreau for Tiffreau & Busch of wool, mohair, Orlon. Linton fabric. Moygashel linen blouse. Marvella earrings. Wear-Right gloves. All: Lord & Taylor. Suit: Hudson's; Stanley Korshak; I. Mag-nin. Adolfo hat. Michel Iced Cointreau lipstick.

NEW TWEED IDEAS





Wa l k i n g
skirt, half-
tied jacket,

left. Lapis-and-turquoise
tweed that's Right Now—
skirt, wider at the hem;
jacket—like the most dé-
gagé overblouse—half-
tied, loose back. Easy ev-
erywhere. By Monte-Sano
& Pruzan; mohair-and-
wool (Chantal fabric).
Viola Weinberger gloves.
Both: Bergdorf Goodman.
Suit: Halle Bros.; L. S.
Ayres; I. Magnin. Sally
Victor hat. Imperial For-
mula Sunglow foundation.
Moving coat, half-belt-
ed. Racetrack checks in a
coat that sweeps into a
deep inverted pleat—
moves with a quick, swingy
action under a slightly
lifted back belt. Green,
russet, blue, and white
—on a mohair-and-wool
tweed (Chantal fabric).
By Monte-Sano & Pru-
zan. At Bergdorf Good-
man; Hutzler's; Blum's,
Chicago; I. Magnin.
Emme hat. Stockings: Bur-
Mil Cameo Rose Beige.

NEW TWEED IDEAS

Rounded back—
going green, right.

Delicious spring-fresh green coat—heavenly to move around in: rounded out from a yoke in back with dropped shoulders, raglan sleeves. Full and straight-hanging in front, ticked off with four welted pocket-flaps. By Frank Gallant. About \$145. Of Anglo wool, loomed in America. Riche-lieu earrings. Both: Saks Fifth Avenue. Coat: Julius Garfinckel; Dayton's; Woolf Brothers. Emme hat. Kislav gloves. Jaquet Patrician Pink lipstick.

Mammoth racing checks—low back yoke, opposite. A wide and wonderful swing of deep, racy tweed checked in brown, black, white, and grey. Everything swings from a back yoke and a pleat under each shoulder blade. More width in the dropped shoulders, straight chopped sleeves. By Stanley Nelson; mohair and wool. Chantalfabric. About \$190. Crescendoe-Superb gloves. Both: Lord & Taylor. Coat: Montaldo's; Gus Mayer; I. Magnin. Adolfo hat.

**NEW
TWEED
IDEAS**







narrower jacket,
narrow sleeves,

above left. Close is how this suit jacket lies—neatly tracing the lines of the body to a point just below the hipbones. Narrow sleeves are set in high—add to the feeling of smallness. For the collar: small, notched lapels. Suit by Oscar of Beverly Hills. Of amber- and-beige mohair tweed. About \$190. Bergère earrings. Both: Bonwit Teller. Suit, also at Harzfeld's; I. Magnin.

The belted suit bloused in ruffles. Whitened pale-green tweed romanced with a sea-green chiffon blouse, a plunge of ruffles at the neck. By Helen Rose of wool tweed (fabric by Lafitte). Suit at Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz; Joseph Magnin. House of Rodel earrings. Grandoe gloves. Both of the beige pillboxes are by Hattie Carnegie.

Walking suit with its own blouse, right. Beiged pink tweed opening on a beige silk overblouse and the deliciousness of more beige lining the jacket and facing the notched lapels. The walking skirt—slightly wider at the hem. Suit by Handmacher of wool tweed. About \$100. Viola Weinberger gloves. Both: Altman's. Suit: Wanamaker's, Phila.; Marshall Field; Harzfeld's; Frederick & Nelson. Lilly Daché hat.

NEW TWEED IDEAS





PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PRESIDENT LYNDON BAINES JOHNSON

The Office of the President of the United States is almost always a size or two larger than the man who must fill it out. On November 22, 1963, President Johnson, a rangy, powerful man, began immediately to grow—the place, a plane in an airport. With a remarkable closing of the ranks, the country fell in behind the new President along with the entire world, with the exception of the Chinese Communists. By now, the facts of the President's life are the small currency of talk; his sensibly slow rise to almost total Congressional authority as the Majority Leader of the Senate which he controlled by a wise understanding of men mixed with soft soap and temper, by deference, and by the pound of his hand on a desk. He always has had a talented preference for the vital arts of negotiation. Everyone knew where he stood, a liberal ready to fight, a conservative at his work of conserving. There was always knowledge that he set certain limits beyond which it was not safe to push him. Both in the Congress and as Vice President he showed that he was a man of emotions, generous, hard-headed about the country's budgets, courageous, willing to stand alone if necessary, unafraid to use spurs.

With him, even during his days as a Representative, an unknown fellow from the Tenth Congressional District of Texas, stood his wife, a small, definite, attractive woman with a head filled with finance, a woman with a desire for and a delight in an older concept of femininity: Mrs. Johnson is a doer who waxes her ways deceptively with the slide of an Alabama accent. Fragility is her screen. She looks as though she had been carefully formed of Texas bluebonnets, those delicate spring field flowers. Actually she is a wise, worldly woman who knows her way around the entire world, easily meeting heads of state. When she is, however, back at the ranch, there are moments when she seems as though she might have been like the young girl in that series of books that came to a 1907 Texas climax with *The Little Colonel's Knight Comes Riding*. Her Knight is the President of the United States, a man the whole world must now count on.

AN IMPRESSION BY FELIKS TOPOLSKI





The CHARMIERS

Italian and American — as seen by Luigi Barzini, distinguished father of this young Italian beauty

The Italian girls have changed. Mysterious, historical forces have made them among the most attractive in the world. Their manners are easy and always slightly provocative. They are smooth and sinuous, they walk with feline grace. They look smart wearing a simple little dress of the past season. They know it. It may be that they have only changed tactics, they have learned that men are in a hurry and want no longer to shape their own butterflies but to choose them fully developed, to avoid all bother and risks. There is also something else, something frightening. One realizes that all the secrets the mothers laboriously learned between their twentieth and thirty-fifth birthdays the daughters have learned in school, between their sixteenth and eighteenth birthdays. But not all the improvements are the result of effort. They have long legs. They never had long

legs before. Where do they come from? The girls in Italy are demonstrably more beautiful than they have ever been, more beautiful, for example, than their ancestors, the famous Italian beauties painted by great masters in past centuries. It is as if they, the girls of today, our own daughters, belonged to a different race. Who are they?

I remember when the Italian girls—between 1930 and 1940—had never been more unattractive. As a rule, our female companions in the Liceo of the University had short legs, pale or blotchy complexions, irregular teeth and dumpy figures inside their large and shapeless black cotton smocks. Our sisters' girl friends or the daughters of mother's cousins, with whom one danced condescendingly at benefit balls, looked unnecessarily unappetizing. They were obviously flattered when one (Continued on next page)

Benedetta Barzini, magnificent Milanese

This is the daughter of Luigi Barzini, whose somewhat startled—and delighted—admiration of the new Italian girls is expressed in the article on this page. An arresting brunette with a superb head and a glowing rage of thick dark hair, she moves with the grace of a young panther, has the instant mercurial charm that belongs only to beauties illuminated by a blaze of temperament and wit. In Italy she has played small parts on T.V., is now under contract to do a movie with the famous director, Alberto Lattuada. . . . Talent among the Barzini runs rampant and deeply informed: Benedetta Barzini's half-brother, Giangiacomo Feltrinelli, was the first publisher west of the Iron Curtain to bring out *Doctor Zhivago*; he also published *The Leopard*. Her father, Luigi Barzini, an eminent writer and journalist whose new book, *The Italians*, will be published in America by Atheneum this spring, is also a Deputy of Parliament for the Italian Liberal Party.



***The Charmers* continued**

spoke to them, so much so they could not help giggling, squirming, blushing, and answering either with monosyllables or rude words. They did not know how to chat easily, as the American girls did, look with coy irony out of the corner of their eyes, ask imperiously for impossible things, stamp their tiny feet in anger, or open wide their eyes with admiration when a young man boasted about his achievements.

In fact, I think, the Italian girls did everything necessary to drive admirers away. Many of them obviously took great care to be badly dressed and not very *soignée*. All this was, I suppose, a sign of virtue—cleanliness, in Italy, is considered in the dangerous vicinity of the devil. To do anything to attract a man and to please him was probably supposed to be a sign of shameless impudence, to mark a girl for life. The kind of women who visibly tried to attract men were looked upon with contempt. They were cheap, were they not?

To look repulsive must have been a ploy: it was believed to be bad tactics for a girl to reveal her future promises too soon. A man, I suppose, was to be lured by the emotion of

discovery and the pleasure of education. There must have been men who fell in love more easily with a caterpillar than a butterfly. I must admit that a few of the Italian girls I paid no attention to thirty years ago turned surprisingly into famous beauties later when they had been married a few years. They dressed with surprising imagination and entertained friends with grace. Clearly, as I sometimes suspected, they had capacities which merely needed to be developed in suitable surroundings. They were taught to keep them hidden.

These Italian girls were a great contrast to the American girls of that time. In those years, there was a sprinkling of American girls in Italy at all seasons, even in winter: they lived there with aged relatives or spent some months in one of many establishments for young ladies, usually run by widowed contessas, where they studied art, languages, and courtly manners. The really big wave came in spring and summer. Then the girls landed by the hundreds from the big trans-Atlantic boats. Slowly they toured the country, following more or less a time-tested itinerary. A romantic young man could exchange a timid smile with an American girl in front of Leonardo's "Last Supper," and know he could begin a halting conversation in Cadenabbia or Stresa. A few days later, the pair might have tea in the Piazza San Marco, become acquaintances in Florence, and friends in the hill towns. Rome offered the most stupendous scenery for a conclusion, any conclusion—the revelation of a great undying love or a splendid scene of renunciation. Few girls went farther south. Naples was dirty, Capri frequented by disreputable and dishevelled artists and by lone millionaire bachelors. It was definitely not a nice island for girls to visit.

Some American girls travelled in small clusters, without real chaperones. More often there was Mother, the mother of one of them, a benevolent grey-haired lady with pince-nez glasses, a clean face and trusting eyes, who spent her evenings in the hotel playing bridge with travelling acquaintances while her daughter went out with an Italian boy she had met the day before. Mother would smile benignly: "Oh, yes, I remember Mario. How do you do, Mario? How nice of you to take my little Shirley out. Please bring her back early. And do not let her drink any faucet water." The smile on Mario's face was usually a little wry. He (Continued on page 117)

The native ornament—glorious hair, a lure explored here and on the next six pages

"What is there more charming than hair of a beautiful colour . . . shining softly or brilliantly in the sun? Some hair is more resplendent than the sun . . . other hair, black as the plumage of a crow, plays changefully in the light like the breast of a pigeon. . . . Is it not charming again to see a great quantity of hair artistically arranged on the top of the head, or else, when the hair is of exceptional length, loose and floating over the shoulders?" . . . This was Apuleius writing in the second century, and making our point delightfully. But we could have gone back farther; men, it seems, have always been vividly, gratifyingly aware of the appeal of a shining head of hair instinct with vitality. Aphrodite, like Milton's Eve, was blond, a fragment of legend that made fair hair the fashion well beyond the Renaissance, occasionally necessitating the practice of *arte biondeggiante*, a bit of trifling probably indulged in by Petrarch's Laura—marvellous with brown eyes. It's all been there forever, this fascination with the native ornament. Yet, suddenly, it's new again, coming in gloriously on the wave of prettiness and romance that's pacing fashion now. . . . Photographed above, to the right, and on the preceding page: Benedetta Barzini, a fiery Italian brunette with strong, lively, abundant hair jetted with unexpected flashes of light. Her jewels: an extraordinary Garden of Eden necklace and earrings—soft, subtle entwinings of gold and pearls designed by Countess Aloisia Rucellai, a gifted Florentine whose work has just begun to appear in Italy, to be seen occasionally in New York. The coiffure and make-up are by Alberto of Rome.





LIKE A MODERN ONDINE—HAIR SMOOTH, UN-
WAVED, FALLING IN A PALE SHOWER OF GOLD
ALMOST TO THE WAIST...THIS IS THE OPENLY
ROMANTIC LOOK OF MADAME HERBERT VON
KARAJAN, RIGHT, THE FRENCH WIFE OF
THE GREAT VIENNESE CONDUCTOR...AT
NIGHT SHE TWISTS IT HIGH ON HER HEAD,
SHOWING A SUPERB LENGTH OF NECK.

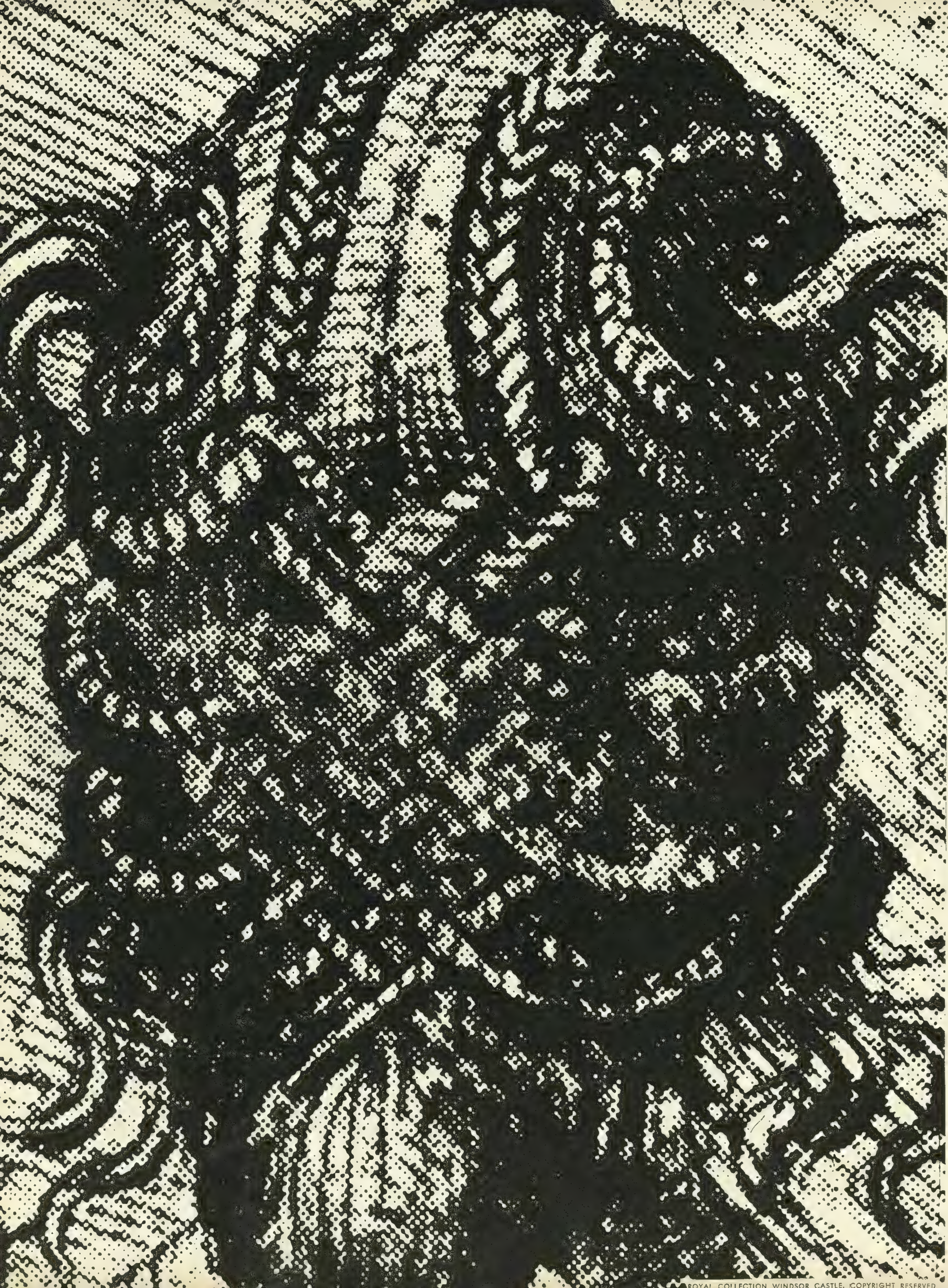
For Lady Godiva, left, fame, virtue, and courage flowed from a veil of abundant tresses—their shining hour curvaceously registered here in a version of the painting, “Lady Godiva’s Ride,” by Emanuel Leutze, who documented, in a similar, if less flamboyant, manner, “Washington Crossing the Delaware.” ... This year in Britain Godiva’s show-stopping ride—an eleventh-century protest against high tax rates—was restaged by a Ministry of Transport poster showing a long-haired girl in a crash helmet whipping through Coventry on a motorbike.

TAWNY HAIR WITH RAYS OF VIVID BLOND, AN EXTRAORDINARY VOLATILE ALLURE—THE GIRL: DANIELLE VOLLE, A VIVACIOUS FRENCH ACTRESS WITH A CLEAR AND IRRESISTIBLE SENSE OF COMEDY. IN FRANCE, SHE HAS APPEARED WITH THE COMEDIÉ FRANÇAISE; ON BROADWAY THIS SEASON, WITH THE MARIE BELL COMPANY.

Black stretch jump suit by Ulla. To order at Bonwit Teller.

Opposite: Picasso's exuberant eye on the ponytail—a glimpse of his brilliant and engaging record of the young rages, coiffures, and coqueties of the Côte d'Azur where he has lived, worked, and observed for most of the last twenty years. Here, a 1954 portrait of Sylvette David, a French teen-ager with poor-little-matchgirl bangs, a tow-coloured swing of hair caught up at the back... Picasso sketched and painted her over and over, sometimes in his early Ingres manner, sometimes showing an unexpected touch of Cranach. But always the dominant ponytail.





MAGNIFICENT INDIA-BLACK HAIR LIKE A YOUNG MOGUL EMPRESS'S—LEELA NAIDU, THE LEADING FILM ACTRESS OF INDIA. NOW WAIST-LENGTH, HER HAIR ONCE FELL TO HER KNEES; WAS CUT FOR A MOVIE TWO YEARS AGO—SHE HAS A FLY-WHISK MADE OF THE CUTTINGS. IN "THE HOUSEHOLDER," HER FIRST MOVIE SHOWN HERE, SHE PLAYS A YOUNG INDIAN BRIDE, "PREGNANT, IN LONG PIGTAILS."

Miss Naidu's coiffure here is by Iris of the Kenneth Salon.

Opposite: A Renaissance maze of interwoven plaits and floating locks from a Leonardo drawing discovered among his notes and sketches for "Leda." Leonardo, it appears, was the man who introduced this fashion to the Court of Milan, designing extraordinary red-blond postiches of real hair, often braided, superimposed on the wearer's own strands of curled hair which emerged at intervals from the sinuous arabesque of plaits.

BERT STERN





BEAUTY

BULLETIN

Vogue's January 15 issue
of news all over
the beauty lot now . . .

Hair spray on a new tack: less tacky, more combable . . .

Hair frozen into shape by hairspray is a no-more thing. In its place is hair that looks and feels and combs like hair. Designed for such pleasant stuff is Revlon's Super-Natural, a silky, brand-new spray.

How many hair sprays are there? About 200 is what we figure.
How do you judge a hairspray? You judge it by what it does.
Are there differences between hairsprays? Vast differences, we believe.
What's the ideal kind of spray? It depends upon hair, climate.
Which has the most message now? The one that combs, silkily.

The curl begins—a little at a time

There may never again be a year when there's only one smart way to wear one's hair. At this very moment, we can count a dozen delicious ways (see page 70 for more about this). But for the woman who likes short hair, likes living with it, and ought to wear it from a collar point of view, the news is in the return of some curl. A pair of curls (as at left) or a headful of very short curls (this is happening right now in Paris). The wonderful head of hair at left is short at back, longer at sides, and folded into two neat backwards curls. Cut originally by the Carita Sisters in Paris, its upkeep is now in the hands of Tony of the Carita Salon on the sixth floor of Henri Bendel. Marvella necklace also at Henri Bendel.

A VERY SMALL, VERY SPECIAL COLLECTION
OF NAMES CLUTCHED IN THE SMARTEST
BEAUTIES' NEW YORK ADDRESS BOOKS...

We won't attempt to discuss here the twenty or so top hairdressing salons in New York, each of which exudes its own aura, has its own charms or uncharms—we'll open that can of peas later in the spring. Instead, the address book at hand covers beauty services of an extremely specialized sort, some of which are dished up in splendour, others in bare-bones simplicity, and all possibly useful to know about at one time or another. . . .

Eyebrow shaper. When it comes to addressing this sticky but vital beauty wicket, Eddie Senz has basically good all-around aim. His salon at 61 East 57th Street "establishes an ideal appearance for a woman's eyebrows," and assumes that she will make her own adaptations in accordance with current fashion. Mr. Senz, who has made up just about every famous face you can think of, considers the natural eyebrow to be the muslin for what the corrected eyebrow shape ought to be, and is unsparingly critical of any eyebrow-plucking that removes certain fine hairs at the centre and arch of the eyebrow; he considers these essential to a soft expression. Price, \$5.

Eyebrow neatener. Once you know how you want your eyebrows to shape up, Elenyi at Kenneth's (19 East 54th Street) keeps an eyebrow in clean condition painlessly. She waxes rather than plucks; accomplishes in one whisk of a wax spatula what fifty tweezers working simultaneously *couldn't* do. Tell her not to monkey with the middle section, however. Waxing's principal strength is a fast, thorough neatening of the area between eye and eyebrow. Price, \$3.50.

Eyelash fitter. By now, almost every major beauty salon is an eyelash falsetician. But we've yet to find anyone who does a better job of fitting comfortably and correctly than Evelyn Marshall, at Hotel Royalton (44 West 44th Street). She measures, trims, instructs, and usually trims again—the object, to lighten and make more natural the enchanting burden. \$7.50 and \$10, quality of lash depending.

Eyelashes—semi-permanent fakes. Miss Lotus, at the Shelton Towers, Lexington Avenue, applies fake eyelashes one by one to your own lashes, and you can expect to be in possession of these natural-seeming appendages for a minimum of two to three weeks, tub-bathing or showering notwithstanding. We're crazy about Miss Lotus's description of her price range—\$10 for what she terms "streetwear" length; \$15 to \$20 for her theatrical size. Figure on an hour's appointment.

Face-lifting—temporary but total. For the woman who's about to have her picture taken—via camera, on TV, or even by a few thousand remembering eyes at a great party—there is the fishskin face-lift known to theatrical make-up artists, and practised magnificently by Mr. Lawrence at House of Revlon (698 Fifth Avenue). The subtlest paste-up job imaginable, it works best on well-creased or even far-gone faces; involves spirit gum and small holding strips of gossamer fishskin, a substance which, at wholesale prices, runs to about \$1 a square inch. Price for the face-lift depends upon time required and other factors, but it's expensive, naturally; rarely resorted to.

Face—skin restyled. If you want to turn your face over to a specialist's lifetime care, and if you will follow instructions with none of the one-week-one-thing, next-week-another-thing kind of fooling around, you just could have the flawless, glowing stuff on which powder sits dreamily. For the big, long-range program, two addresses are in the smartest beauties' address books . . . that of (Continued on next page)

Beauty address book— good looks at a glance

We think women need this: an address book reserved for beauty only; a little black book in which to list *specialists*. You might call on the latter only once in a lifetime—but that once might mean everything. A beginning, with New York addresses, starts on page 67.

eyebrow shaper, for establishment of line.
Eddie SENZ, 81 E. 57th
PL-3-2326

eyebrow heatener
Elenyi at Kenneth,
waxes rather than
plucks. 19 E. 54th
PL-2-1800

eyelash fitter. Evelyn
Marshall (no relation
of Herbert's), 44 W. 44th
YU-6-0673

eyelashes semi-permanent. Fakes applied, lash by lash
by Miss Lotus, Shelton Town-

BEAUTY BULLETIN

the famous Dr. Erno Laszlo (677 Fifth Avenue), and of Janet Sartin (667 Madison Avenue). Price depends upon what's needed. But in neither case will it be peanuts.

Facial moulding. The woman who wants to take this approach in an attempt to fluff up her face and fight off jowliness would be well advised to do two things: put herself only in the hands of a long-experienced and well-trained practitioner; and keep at it for awhile. Anne Gerard, at 41 West 58th Street, is superb. Her appointment book, however, can accommodate only forty entries per week—most of which tend to be occupied by Madame Gerard's regulars. . . . A few of the great beauty salons do a certain amount of facial moulding as a matter of course in their facial treatments. To know the extent, the way to phrase the question is: How much hand manipulation? . . . Also considered to do an extremely good massage for the face is Géva, at 20 East 53rd Street, where the amount of manipulation varies and is controlled by what Madame Géva considers the degree of sensitivity of the skin. . . . Christine Valmy at Jacy de Paris in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel does a better-than-pleasant facial massage. . . .

Facial treatment—emphasis on skin cleanliness. If good skin begins with clean skin, Georgette Klinger is the good-skin woman. Her salon at 501 Madison Avenue does a complete job of cleansing normal or disturbed skins. An entirely different approach and with another sort of purpose than what you get from a moulding facial, it's the other half of thorough skin care.

Figure fault-finding. For quick, absolutely top analyses of what's wrong and what to do about it—all told in one visit—the new at-a-glance correction session at Nicholas Kounovsky is where the action is. Address, 9 West 57th Street. El 5-2385.

Figure sessions. For a steady Program, see the great Kounovsky, as above. . . . Or, on Jacobs' Beach, the system originated by the body-building master, Pilates, in his gym at 939 Eighth Avenue. Adored and followed by dancers, athletes, and civvies, his system does spot work as well as total stuff. . . . Then, there are the tension-relax, tension relax exercises which Manya Kahn couples with massage for figure-remaking (12 East 68th Street). . . . And the Carola Trier exercise (Address Book, continued page 109 • More Beauty Bulletin, next page)



Pretty lipstick—print inspiring

Above and right, Wild Pink. As a lipstick, we cite it as one of the new honey-toned pinks we've gone wild about—pink based on a transparency of golden colour. As a print, which it also is in the bathing suit at right, it's also a pretty attractive idea. . . .

Elizabeth Arden did the lipstick. Leslie Tillett worked out the print interpretation, in this case for Rose Marie Reid waters. Pink-and-green cotton suit, \$18. Both, at Bergdorf Goodman.



BULLETIN ON THE NEW SAVVY SÈVE OF HAIR...

Sève is a word we picked up by reviewing the very first issue of *Vogue* that lunged into hair. *Sève* means pith, vigour, strength. And *sève* of the hair is what the *Vogue* editors of 1893 were lamenting the passing of. "Many years ago," they wrote, "fine heads of hair were the rule, and not the exception. . . . For a generation these girls and their mothers have been living at such a pace that the *sève*, the vigour necessary for the production of the 'glory of woman,' has been lost."

But hair vigour we have now, we think, more than ever. (We also have the pace; the 1893 *Vogue* editors had a point about that and more about it in a minute.) Hair vigour—we have more ways to get it and to keep it. More reasons to have it. For when a degree of straightness becomes, as it has become, the most enviable look of a lock, what, except the elusive something called "condition," can take on the crowning burden? What are condition's conditions? Pith, vigour, strength naturally. The gloss that comes—or at least *looks* as if it comes—from relentless laundering. Colour that both enthralls the beholder and seems custom-made for the face it frames. And getting down to the roots of the matter: as many strands of hair per scalp inch as one can possibly grow.

What are the makings of such condition? Some come in bottles, some come on the dinner plate, and some come with the personality of the wearer of the hair. One of the makings is the elimination of the unlovely thing called anxiety. There is not a hairdresser, a medical doctor, nor an amateur hair-losing friend we've consulted who doesn't stress the toll of stress on the hair. We don't have to elaborate on what causes anxiety, but this may be news: even a holiday can do it. A hair-oriented medical man informed us that he had found with his patients that any time, including the happy one, that necessitates adjustment to a different environment, can accelerate the thinning and the dimming of hair. "Something's got to go," Dr. Irwin Lubowe wrote in *New Hope for Your Hair*. "Either the neurosis or the hair."

What happens is this. As tension grows, the muscles of the scalp tissue start to contract, causing a constriction of the blood vessels. When the circulation is thus retarded, so is the flow of nutrients to the hair follicles. The hair winds up the loser.

There are, however, ways to outwit this problem. A serious program of hair treatment in the comfortable ambiance of a salon offers multiple charms. Such treatment usually consists of knowledgeable head and shoulder massage with a vehicle, liquid or cream, that endeavours to repair whatever hair damage is present and do good work for the scalp. Heat or steam get into the act to help the conditioner penetrate.

Although most hair emerges from such treatments the more radiant and certainly the cleaner, there may be some question in the hair owner's mind about the long-term efficacy. We can only say we've seen cases of remarkable improvement in hair thus knowingly caressed. What there is no question about is the treatment's relaxing qualities. The taut scalp known as a nervous one markedly loosens up in the course of treatment, which means that the wearer of the scalp is, however briefly, casting aside her angst, for which her hair pattern should react appreciatively. And this is all a lagniappe in addition to the immediately observable fresh dazzle of the hair.

Of all the hairdressers in the world, we know of none who has done more, in this last year particularly, to make *good* hair a fashion than Kenneth Battelle. Kenneth's beat (Continued on page 110)

BEAUTY BULLETIN

The diet, the psyche,
the packaged assistants
that are doing
great things with hair

Giving rise to a whole new set of coiffures: Kenneth's headbands

Built on a form . . . raised from the head, unribbon-like . . . made of straw, suède, lizard,

Scotch plaid . . . or, as here, of beads and jewels . . . the new Kenneth headbands, meant to hold with immense charm the line

hair is taking now. For day, that means

hair springing away from the head with great vitality; good hair going slightly

to curl. For evening, that means a number of things: coquetry continuing; hairpieces still essential—but the seaming, where hairpiece meets hair, now covered with a headband. These little few-of-a-kind

treasures, at Kenneth's boutique (a ground-floor attraction at his salon).

There also, the lipsticks you see at right: mouth at top wearing Pastel Ballet; the ones below wearing two lipsticks apiece—a coat of Pastel Ballet over Pink Coco.

Both lipsticks by Dermetics.



"We can sell the tires along the way if we have to, Papa Cue Ball," said Fernandez, as in pairs we rolled them—white walls, retreads, dusty black tires as smooth as balloons—from his little improvised garage to his old disreputable forest green sedan. "Besides, I couldn't leave them behind. They might be stolen. Nobody's honest these days, Papa Cue Ball. The war makes everybody steal."

"You know best, Fernandez," I said. "But there isn't room for all these tires. And what will your bride think of setting off on her honeymoon in a car loaded up to the hilt with black market tires? Not very *sympathique*, Fernandez?"

"Look, Papa Cue Ball, look here," letting two fat ones roll to a stop against a fender, and then leaping into the car, leaping back into the dust again, "I throw out the seat—so—I throw out all this ugly stuff from the trunk compartment—what would anyone be doing with all these rags?—and we have plenty of room for the tires. As to your second objection," stooping to the nearest tire, glaring up at me darkly—I hastened to give him a hand—and speaking slowly and in the most severe of his Peruvian accents, "it will be a very short honeymoon, Papa Cue Ball, I assure you. A very short honeymoon."

I smiled. In the long summer twilight of the trailer camp—soft magenta light through temporary telephone poles and brittle trees, distant sound of schoolboys counting off like soldiers, sound of tropical birds caged up behind a neighbour's salmon-coloured mobile home—and with his little shoulders square and hard under the white shirt, and his trousers, little tight pleated trousers, hitched as high as the second or third rib, and wearing the white linen shirt and crimson braces and the rattlesnake belt and tiny black pointed boots, surely Fernandez looked like a miniature Rudolph Valentino—eyes of the lonely lover, moistened lips—and I could only admire him and smile.

"Short but passionate, Fernandez?" I said then, and laughed.

"Don't try to be indelicate with me, Papa Cue Ball. Please."

"You misunderstand me, Fernandez," I said, and paused, frowned, extended my hand. "Since you have married my daughter I thought I could speak to you—well—frankly, and also joyously."

"OK, OK, good Papa Cue Ball. Let's forget it."

"Just as you say, Fernandez," I said, and reached out, took his small cool hand in mine, shook hands with him. "I share your happiness, Fernandez, I want you to know that,"

I said, and for a moment I leaned against the old waiting automobile and my head was light and my mouth was dry and tart and bubbling with the lingering dry aroma and lingering taste of the warm champagne. Because I had considered champagne indispensable. And I had supplied the champagne, carried it to the City Hall in a paper bag, and after the service and in the dim institutional corridor between the City Clerk's office and a Navy recruiting office we three had sipped our warm champagne straight from the bottle. I had counted on paper cups, but as luck would have it, the water cooler was dry and filled with dust and there was not one paper cup to be found in the holder. Toward the end of the bottle, when there were only a few drops of our celebrative wine remaining, I kissed the bride, there in the dark corridor of the City Hall. And now I remembered the kiss, the champagne, the City Clerk with dirty fingernails, and I wanted only to please Fernandez, to please Cassandra, to make the day end well.

So I did my share of the work and together we rolled the last of the unruly bouncing tires out to the waiting Packard and stowed them aboard. The chickens, little red bantams, and little white frightened hens, were cackling in the make-shift garage and squawking in sudden alarm, and I was tempted to toss them my remaining left-hand pocketful of confetti—yes, I had thrown my fiery flakes of confetti at Cassandra on the hot sidewalk in front of the red brick City Hall—but Fernandez had told me that the chickens were good layers and I thought better of it, left the confetti in the pocket where it was. Instead I stopped and clucked at the chickens, tried to nuzzle a little white stately hen under my arm. But it was a suspicious bedraggled bird and much too quick for me.

"The car needs some water, good Papa Cue Ball," Fernandez called from the steps of his stubby one-man aluminum trailer—it sat on blocks like a little bright bullet in the fading sunlight—so while Fernandez gathered together his guitar and cardboard suitcase and extra pair of shoes and drew down the shades and locked the trailer, I managed to attach the hose to the outdoor spigot, pried open the enormous and battered hood, braced myself against the smashed-in grille and filled up the great black leaking radiator. Then I flung down the hose—nozzle lashing about in a perverse and frenzied circle, lashing and taking aim and soaking the lower half of my fresh white uniform—and dropped the hood and wiped my hands on an oily rag, straightened my cap, smoothed down the pure white breast of my tunic and gently shooed away the chickens and patted the old battered-up green hood of the

car. The sun was going down, the champagne was tingling and Cassandra, I knew, was waiting where I had left her with Gertrude at the U-Drive-Inn.

"Ready, Fernandez?" I called. "Bride's waiting, Fernandez."

Then Fernandez must have felt the champagne also because suddenly the three broken car doors were tied shut with twine and I was behind the wheel and the sun was turning to gold the tall white plastic Madonna screwed to the dashboard and Fernandez was sitting up straight beside me with a bunch of crimson flowers in one hand and a large unlabelled bottle of clear liquor in the other. I waved to a fat red bantam hen, and the two of us, Fernandez and I, called goodbye forever to his life in the splendours of Tenochtitlan Trailer Village. As we drove out between the rows of mobile homes—wingless airplanes, land yachts, or little metal hovels with flat tires and sagging aerials—suddenly I had the impulse to pat Fernandez on the knee, and did so and smiled at him through the sunlight which was full in my face.

"Courage, Fernandez," I said softly. "She's a charming girl."

"Don't worry about me, Papa Cue Ball," cradling the bottle, clutching the flowers in his tiny bright mahogany fist, "Fernandez is no innocent."

Sand flats, mountains of gravel, abandoned road-working machines, conveyor belts, fields of marsh and silver oil tanks, hitchhiking soldier, a pony ring, and the aged dark-green Packard swaying and knocking and overheating on that black highway south.

"Faster, Papa Cue Ball, the hour is very late."

Nonetheless I thought we had better eat—hamburgers in toasted golden buns at the side of the road, butter and pickle juice running through our fingers, two cold bottles of Orange Crush for the dark-faced groom and perspiring good-natured naval officer who gave the bride away—and my better sense told me that someone must attend to the Packard—unpardonable delay in lonely service station, gallons of gasoline, buckets of water, long minutes in the rest room where we, Fernandez and I, took our first drink of the colourless liquor which burned away the Orange Crush and killed the champagne—so that the sky was dark and the moon was a lemon curd by the time we reached the little suburban oasis called El Chico Rio and honked the horn in a prearranged enthusiastic signal—so many longs, so many shorts, so many trills—parked in front of Gertrude's accommodations in the U-Drive-

Inn.

"Where are the flowers, Fernandez?" I whispered, and set the hand brake. "Quickly, hold the flowers up where she can see them."

"The flowers were foolish, Papa Cue Ball." Glum. Sombre. Squaring his shoulders at the Madonna. "I dropped them in the big wire basket in the toilet back there at the Texaco station. A good place for them."

But I pushed him out of the car then, straightened his linen jacket, squeezed his hand, and turned, smiled, removed my stiff white cap—civilian habit I was never able to overcome—because Gertrude's door had opened and there was a light on the path and Cassandra was walking toward us carefully in high heels, and Cassandra was composed, calm, silvery and womanly and serene as she came walking toward Fernandez and myself and the old hot smashed-up Packard in these her first moonlit moments of matrimony. I caught my breath, held out my arms to her. And glancing down, I whispered, "Kiss her, for God's sake, Fernandez. Look how she's dressed up for us. You must do something!"

And it was true. Her hair was down, yet drawn back slightly so that we could see the little diamond pendants she had clipped to the lobes of her tiny ears; her waist was small and tight and her little silver breasts were round; she was cool, her dress was crocheted and white; and in honour of Fernandez, in honour of his Peruvian background, she wore draped across her narrow shoulders a long white Indian shawl with a fringe made of soft white hair that hung down below her knees. She carried a black patent leather purse, new, and also new a small black patent leather travelling bag monogrammed, I discovered once she got into the car, with a large golden initial "C." We could smell the perfume and breath of talcum powder and sharp odour of nail polish—pink as the colour of a peach near the stem, still wet—even before she reached the car, and I felt myself choking and gave Fernandez a shove, and dropped my cap and reached out and caught up the purse, caught up the travelling bag. Pride. Embarrassment. My daughter's porter.

But he did not kiss her. He merely secured the bottle of liquor under one arm and put his little heels together and bowed, bent low over Cassandra's soft white hand. The fingers of her other hand—two silver bracelets, a silver fertility charm—were curled at the edge of the high tight collar and her eyes were bright. Then I saw her breasts heaving again and knew that everything was up to me. (Continued on page 75)

"THE HEART DEMANDS SATISFACTION"

"I caught my breath, held out my arms to her. And glancing down, I whispered, 'Kiss her, for God's sake, Fernandez. Look how she's dressed up for us. You must do something!'"

BY JOHN HAWKES



"THE HEART DEMANDS SATISFACTION"

continued

"Well, Cassandra," I said, "my little bride at last!"

"My bride, Papa Cue Ball," ruffled, holding the bottle by the neck, "you misunderstand, Papa Cue Ball."

"Naturally, Fernandez," I said, and smiled and felt Cassandra touch my arm and wished that I hadn't already kissed the bride in the City Hall. "But are we ready to go? And shall I drive, Fernandez? I'd be happy to drive. If only you two could sit in back. . . ."

"The three of us will sit in the front seat, Papa Cue Ball. Naturally. And remember, please, this is my honeymoon, the honeymoon of Fernandez. I am the new husband and on my honeymoon my wife will do the driving. So that's settled. The wife drives on the honeymoon. And you will sit in the middle if you please, Papa Cue Ball. So let's go."

I helped Cassandra into the car and managed to jam her travelling bag among the tires and slid in beside her, sighed, settled down with Cassandra's purse in my lap and her smooth white ceremonial shawl just touching my knee. It was the first time Fernandez had cracked the whip, so to speak, and she took it well, Cassandra took it well. I glanced at her—mere doll behind the wheel, line of firmness in her jaw, little soft hands tight and delicate on the wheel—and her eyes were glistening with a new light of pride, joy, humility. Obedient but still untamed. Shocked. Secretly pleased. Mere helpless woman but summoning her determination, pushing back her hair, suddenly and with little precise white fingers turning the key in the ignition and, with the other hand, taking hold of the gearshift lever which in Cassandra's tiny soft hand was like a switchman's tall black iron lever beside an abandoned track.

"Got your license with you, Cassandra?" I asked. "But of course you do," I murmured in answer to my own question and smiled, caressed the little black patent leather purse in my lap, then balanced the purse on my two raised knees, played a little game of catch with it. How carefully, slowly, Fernandez climbed back into the old Packard which he himself was unable to drive, and then took hold of the broken door handle and pulled, pulled with all his might so that the door slammed shut and the car shook under the crashing of that loose heavy steel. Another side of Fernandez? A new mood? I thought so and suddenly realized that the enormous outdated Packard with all its terrible capacity for noise and metallic disintegration was somehow a desperate equivalent

of my little old-world Catholic son-in-law in his hand-decorated necktie and crumpled white linen suit.

"OK, Chicken," he said, another vagary of temper, another cut of the lash, and without a word to me he thrust the bottle in my direction, "we want to head for the hideaway. And please step on the gas."

"I'm with you," I wanted to say to Cassandra as I took the bottle, held the purse in one hand and the tall clear bottle in the other, "don't be afraid." But instead, "Away we go!" I cried, and rolled my head, glanced at Cassandra, put the clear round mouth of the bottle into my own aching mouth and shut my eyes and burned again as I had first burned when I leaned against the tin partition in the Texaco filling station and sampled the rare white liquor of the Andes.

"My wife drives well. Don't you think so, Papa Cue Ball?"

"Like Thor in his chariot," I said. "But a toast, Fernandez, to love, to love and fidelity, eh, Cassandra?"

Moonlight, cold dizzying smell of raw gasoline, dry smell of worn upholstery, sensation of devilish coiled springs and lumps of cotton in the old grease-stained front seat of the Packard, wind singing through Cassandra's door and the hot knocking sound of the engine and a constellation of little curious lights winking behind the dashboard, and I was snug between Cassandra and my son-in-law of several hours now, and the Madonna was standing over me and holding out her moon-struck plastic arms in benediction. She was the Blessed Virgin Mary, I knew, and I smiled back happily at her in the moonlight.

"Skipper?" Cassandra was staring ahead, whispering, driving with her bright new wedding ring high on the wheel, "Light me a cigarette. Please." So I opened the purse—how long now had I been waiting for an excuse to open that purse? for a chance to get a peek inside that purse even in the smelly darkness of the speeding car?—and found the cigarettes and a little glossy unused booklet of paper matches and put one of her cigarettes between my lips and struck one of the matches—puff of orange light, sweet taste of sulphur—and smelled the blue smoke, and placed the white cigarette between the fingers which she held out to me in the V-for-victory sign.

And during all the long miles we chalked up that night—tunnels of love through the trees, black Pacific deep and hungry and defiant down there below the highway, which was always honeymoon highway (Continued on page 112)

The pale-blue suit

It's here—spontaneously—and it's one of the most charming sights in fashion this spring: a suit in the pale, limpid, rainwashed blue of April skies—a blue that, like the first really glorious spring day, makes every woman look miraculously prettier. It's part of the new wave of faint-as-powder colours arriving now—irresistibly soft, melting, delicious. . . . Here, a small, narrow-sleeved jacket that hangs buttonless over an easy skirt; tie-necked blouse of crinkly crêpe in the same ethereal blue. Costume by Marquise; suit in mohair, blouse in Mobilaine wool crêpe; both fabrics by Anglo. At Hattie Carnegie; Montaldo's; Joseph Horne; I. Magnin. Pin by Mary Kruming. Hat by Halston, made to order: Bergdorf Goodman. The perfume might be Carnegie Blue, a waft of jasmine; by Hattie Carnegie.



**WHITE PIQUÉ—
BUBBLING
WITH CHARM**

To wear right now in any of the sun places: white piqué with all its scrubbed, delicious charm and a new depth of texture—bubbly, full of substance. On this page, a dress with a bias-edged overblouse, shoulder-extending sleeves, eased straight skirt. By Mollie Parnis; about \$125 at De Pinna; Julius Garfinckel; Burdine's; I. Magnin. Hats, both pages, by Halston; made to order at Bergdorf Goodman.



Another wonderful white look in new puffs of piqué—a narrow shirt-topped dress with wide black patent leather belt that tunnels under at the back, appears dashing over the buttoned fly-front. By Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner; about \$145 at Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Gus Mayer; Neiman-Marcus. Both dresses of piqué by Galey & Lord, of Dacron, cotton, and nylon. Gloves, both pages, by Fuchs.



To wear when there's moonlight in the sun places — an evening dress with a long skirt printed, tropically, in big flower splashes of deep hibiscus-red and white (fresh and marvellous colours for a suntan). The high-waisted top is solidly red. By Ceil Chapman; Everfast Kodel and cotton fabric with Everglaze. About \$110 at Bonwit Teller. Pin by Hattie Carnegie. Kislav gloves. Sandals by Evins. Coiffures by Pierre Henri. Hairpieces: Joseph Fleischer.



At home in any party climate now, two pyjama looks of grainy silk in brilliant southern colours with this brilliance attached: the jewel-idea of blazing sunbursts, worked in beads and gilt embroidery. Both, with long narrow tops, straight pants. Pyjamas, right, of turquoise silk with a lifted collar, coral-and-pearl-bead embroidery. Bracelets: Amourelle by Kramer. Directly above, sun-gold silk with flat round neck, chain-and-pendant design embroidered in topaz beads and gilt. Bracelets here by Marvella. Both pyjamas by Adele Simpson; each about \$215 at Lord & Taylor. Sandals by Degas, at Saks Fifth Avenue.

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CHARMERS FOR
THE RESORT LIFE**



HORST

VOGUE PATTERNS



VOGUE PATTERN 6124

Two charming 1964 looks for spring—the closer-to-the-figure dress, long-lined, easy-moving; the softly-fitted suit, without a hard bone in its body—to make in pretty, powder-pale wool, pale speckled tweed. The long-waisted dress, left—long, curved seaming that shapes a slender torso; follows the figure easily, but surely. Skirt, loosely gathered, with a wide, easy-walking hem. Made here of Einiger nubby wool, in pale Dijon-mustard colour; wooden buttons. Vogue Pattern 6152. Fabric at Altman's; Frederick & Nelson. The soft and narrow suit, above—a slender, curving jacket with great suppleness; an easy skirt; a little sleeveless overblouse with curved seaming. In pale, speckled wool tweed—acid green, blue, white—by Scotney. Vogue Pattern 6124. Fabric at Frederick & Nelson. Earrings by Schreiner. Both pages: Sally Victor hat of white straw; peanut-coloured gloves by Grandoe. *Details, sizes, and yardages on page 113.*

THE PALE
PRETTY WOOLS



Fashion for a sunlit life



On these four pages, clothes for having the most dashing time wherever the sun is strong and beaming. It's beaming here on the Villa Fiorentina in St. Jean-Cap Ferrat, owned by the Countess of Kenmare. No other houses in sight—just glossy olive trees, brilliant splashes of flowers, deep, blue-green water, and a crystalline sky arching overhead.

Far left: A cover-up on a whole new thought-wave — this sleeveless brilliant-pink wool sweater that's worn wide open down the back. Glimpsed underneath, a wisp of pink cotton bikini. Sweater by Tina Leser for Gabar, about \$20. At Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Bullock's-Wilshire.

Left: Red, lilac, and green tulips on a bikini with a bandeau top, a soft, scalloped ruffle at the hips. It has its own sleeveless cover-up—a shifty hip-length tunic with an echoing ruffle. By Mr. Gee. Cotton bikini about \$25; the cover-up, about \$18. At Bloomingdale's; Joseph Magnin.





More clothes for the sunlit life Clothes to move through the day—and night. Moving barefoot, here, across the gleaming marble floors of the Villa Fiorentina's vast sun-filled rooms. In the background, a Nairobi butler in sashed tunic, pantaloons and a fez. *Far left:* Floor-length fall of white with a ruffled neck, slightly lifted waist, a décolletage opened on a perfectly bronzed back. By Loomtogs of rayon and linen (Amity fabric). \$35. Altman's. *Left, above:* To wear over a bathing suit for lunch on the terrace, a short tunic that's checked in lime green and white. A little stand-up collar sits off the neck; the waist is nipped in with elastic. By Pius Wieler of Helanca nylon and Terylene. \$35; at Nan Duskin. Hat by Lilly Daché. *Centre:* Beach version of the poet's shirt. Floating white dotted Swiss cotton, ruffled and open at the neck, with a wide, drifting fall of sleeve. By Rudi Gernreich. \$110 at Henri Bendel. *Below:* The shortest lace dinner dress—re-embroidered white cotton, with the enticement of a deep band of white lace ruffles on the bosom. By Junior Accent; about \$40. At Bonwit Teller. *This page, directly above:* The bare-midriff dress in bright blue-and-green stripes and big splashy white flowers—a refreshing switch from pants for late-afternoon cocktails. This by Ann Champion of cotton (Tiger fabric). About \$30 at Altman's; Halle Bros.; Neiman-Marcus. *Below, right:* Cover-up wool sweater of knitted black and white panels. It drops below the hips, buttons, here, down the front. By Geist & Geist. About \$18. At Bloomingdale's; Joseph Magnin.

HENRY CLARKE



PRIVATE LIVES— WITH ART

In New York, three special collections, owned by special collectors, each with a special bias

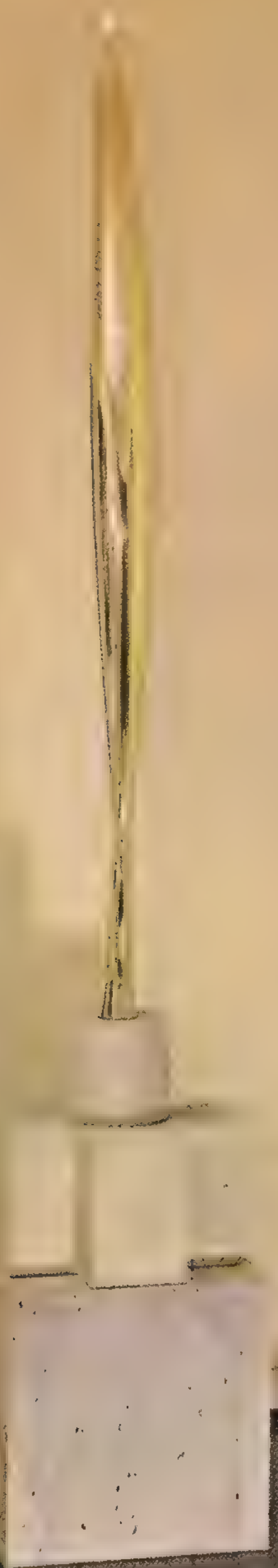
Whatever can be collected in art is collected in New York. The richness of the variety is unparalleled. Renaissance bronzes, master drawings, Abstractions, Rembrandts, Impressionists, Italian primitives, Pop Art, all are to be seen, if one knows the collectors. Out of this overwhelming fecundity of collecting by private persons for their own private enjoyment, Vogue has chosen three collections each one showing a fundamental feeling for the art of these times. The collections differ. They are hung differently. The collectors differ. All three collections, Burden, Motherwell, and Greenberg, are the work of couples who decide with sharp convictions, agreeing on their choice. William Burden, a former United States Ambassador to Belgium, is an aviation expert, President of the Museum of Modern Art. The second collection is the work of two artists, Robert Motherwell and his wife, Helen Frankenthaler, both recognized here and abroad as among the most profound American painters; they spend their lives evolving the paintings that other collectors—and museums—buy. The third collection is that of Clement Greenberg, one of the most important art critics, who writes for American, English, and French magazines on art, and is the author of books on Miró, on Hans Hofmann, on Matisse, and of a book of essays, *Art and Culture*. Although he will write about living artists, he will not lecture about them, a distinction that has confused, at times, community lecture committees. Almost from the beginnings of New York Abstract Expressionism, he was one of its foremost advocates. He believes, however, only in good and bad art. A dealer with whom he is not especially friendly said of him, with admiration: "He has the eye." In fact, all these collectors have the eye.

THE WILLIAM BURDEN COLLECTION

In the Burden house, which holds a rather extensive collection, the paintings and sculpture are spaced sparsely—one wall might have only one painting. In the photograph opposite, showing the creamy yellow hall of the Burden apartment, there is only Brancusi's "Bird in Flight" at one end of the long goldfish pool, with, on the wall, a large sketch of water lilies by Monet. Not seen in this photograph are the steel-wire Bertoia "Tree," that ripples like reeds or the late Mondrian, "Trafalgar Square," with its black lines on white, its small blocks of red, blue, and yellow. In the blue dining room hang two big paintings, Delaunay's "The Windows," and Matta's "Dawn and Dew." The grey library has only three paintings, one small sculpture: a little brass Brancusi bird, a Paul Klee oil, a Juan Gris still life, and the dominating painting of the room, a yellow and grey Albers—"Homage to the Square." In the living room, primarily light yellow, there stands between the Seurat "Channel at Gravelines" and a Picasso terra-cotta owl, a bowl of trailing yellow butterfly orchids. On other walls are Picasso's "Two Acrobats with a Dog," Léger's "Les Odalisques," and a Matisse, "Pont St. Michel." Among the fascinations of this room, with its view of Central Park, is an enormous circular low tub filled with flowers that vary with the seasons: massed white chrysanthemums, poinsettias, pink azaleas.



Mr. and Mrs. William A. M. Burden
who live in a strictly austere apartment,
done by Philip Johnson,
with masterpieces, classically modern.





TWO FAMOUS PAINTERS'



HANS NAMUTH

THE ROBERT MOTHERWELLS WHO LIVE IN A BROWNSTONE WITH ART OF MANY PERIODS



BY ROBERT MOTHERWELL

The luck was, early in 1953, when I picked up *The New York Times* real-estate section, with the notion of finding a badly needed large house (in the suburbs, which I secretly dreaded), that my eye lit on the small section (under Houses for Sale) called "Manhattan," an idea that had never crossed my mind. There it was, a nineteen-foot, four-storey brownstone, with large garden, in the East Nineties, for the price of a banal ranch house in the suburbs, or a farm farther away. I made a down payment, and arranged a mortgage. (Continued on next page)

IN THE MOTHERWELLS' LIVING ROOM. An organized bazaar of art, all exquisitely fitting together, this room contains not only two Rodin bronzes but a green baize poker table. *On the wall at the left:* a Willem de Kooning painting resting on the floor, a David Smith sculpture, plus three Motherwells, one a collage, with a 1963 oil above and a 1949 gouache below; a Peruvian ceramic, and, in the corner another David Smith sculpture. *On the far wall, left of the doorway:* a pencil-and-gouache Motherwell, a 1962 Kenneth Noland, and below them a bronze by Adja Yunkers. *On the far wall, right of the doorway:* a Baga mask from Africa, a New Guinea paddle, and a seventeenth-century Madras temple carving. *On the near wall:* a large 1952 oil, "Mountains and Sea," by Helen Frankenthaler, who is also Mrs. Motherwell; over the fireplace, a 1949 Mark Rothko, with, at the near right, a 1961 oil by Motherwell. Near it, "Iris," by Rodin. *On the small table by the fireplace,* a Degas bronze. *On the big table,* a small Matisse bronze, "Seated Nude," a twelfth-dynasty Egyptian headrest, and a Miró bronze.

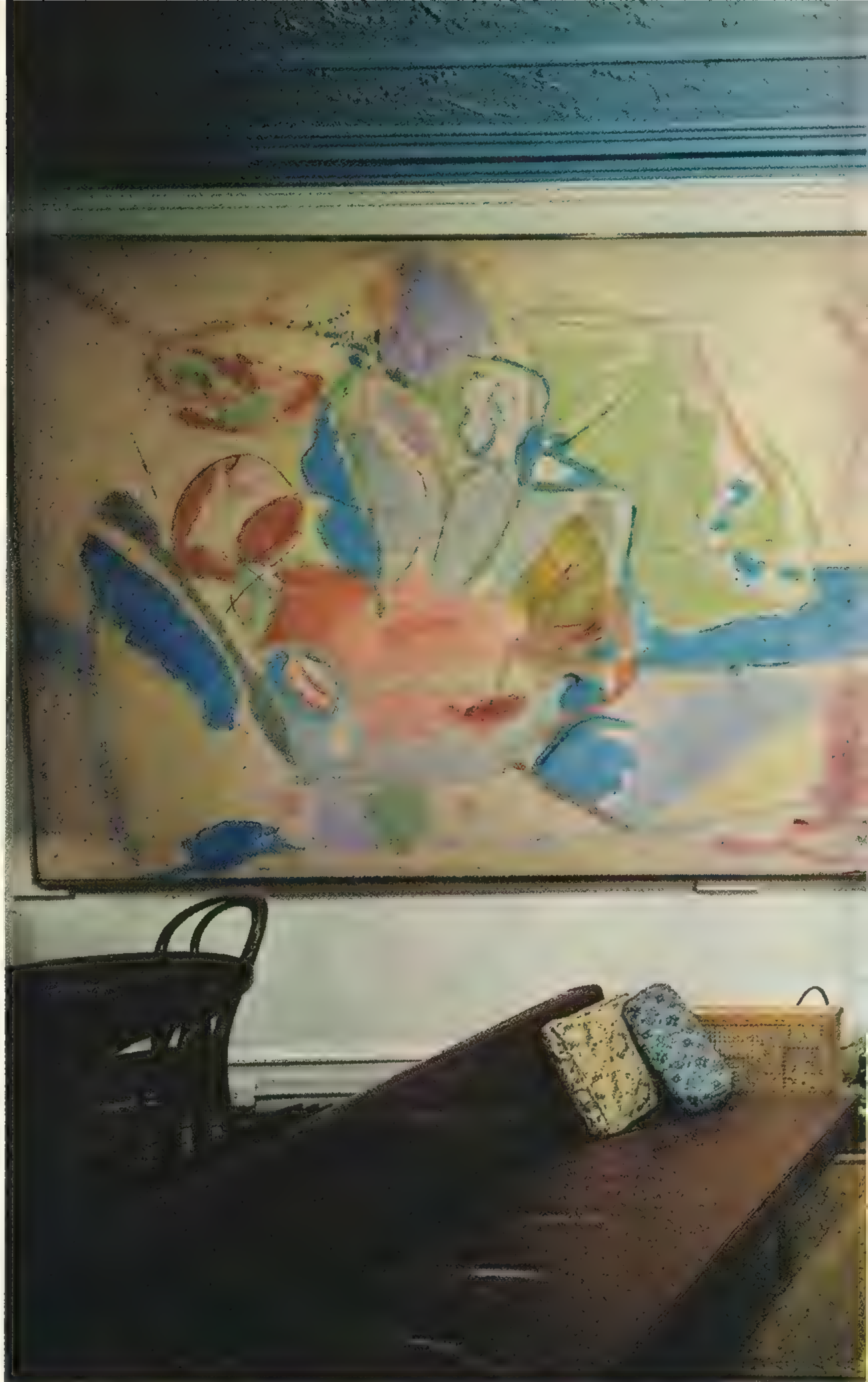
THE MOTHERWELL COLLECTION

The house had had nothing done to it in its ninety or so years. But I had what I needed, lots of empty working space; and what I wanted, a garden with grass and a tree—a Rose of Sharon that blossoms for months each summer; and what I loved, as a Californian, to live in New York City. I had just enough money left to do three essentials: To remove the original Victorian wallpaper, to paint the walls white, and to convert the old coal furnace to oil, since I turned out to be an inept stoker, and an angry one. I did my work on the parlour floor, with its high-ceilinged drawing room and its full-width library over the garden. But with small children, it turned out to be a nuisance to climb stairs from the garden-floor kitchen through the studio to the private quarters above. When I was able, I later moved the kitchen where the library had been on the parlour floor—that made a large country kitchen, 18' x 18'; and moved the studio below. As my paintings grew larger, I built a twelve-foot extension onto the studio, its roof making a terrace off the country kitchen.

Helen Frankenthaler, whom I married early in 1958, immediately came to love the old house, and we began a collaboration on the house which has continued, with one project each year, ever since. (After cleaning up each year's plaster dust, one wavers, but then mercifully forgets it, as with past pain.) In order to collaborate successfully about something visual, and about something intensely personal, when two artists live together, there has to be a common image: otherwise, the imaginative possibilities are too varied.

We discovered on our honeymoon in Spain and in the French Basque country that we liked what we call the "Madrid" image—though its essentials can be equally true of (Continued on page 118)

THREE VIEWS OF THE MOTHERWELLS' ART. *Above, left to right:* a superb Frankenthaler, an early Brancusi drawing, a Rothko over the fireplace, with, on the mantel at the left, a ninth-century South India schist figure and, on the right, a Matisse bronze. The enormous Robert Motherwell painting, at the right, is part of his masterpiece series, called "Elegy to the Spanish Republic, Number 70." *Note:* the fitting on the mantel is a long spice chest, its top covered with milk glass. *Near right:* the poker table for Mr. Motherwell's weekly poker game. *Far right:* the dining room with its own view of the garden. *On the far wall:* a large 1963 Frankenthaler, and *on the shelves of the window* that faces towards the kitchen, Mrs. Motherwell's collection of china.



HANS NAMUTH







A FAMOUS ART CRITIC'S



HANS NAMUTH

THE CLEMENT GREENBERGS WHO LIVE WITH THE ABSTRACTIONS OF CONTEMPORARY ART



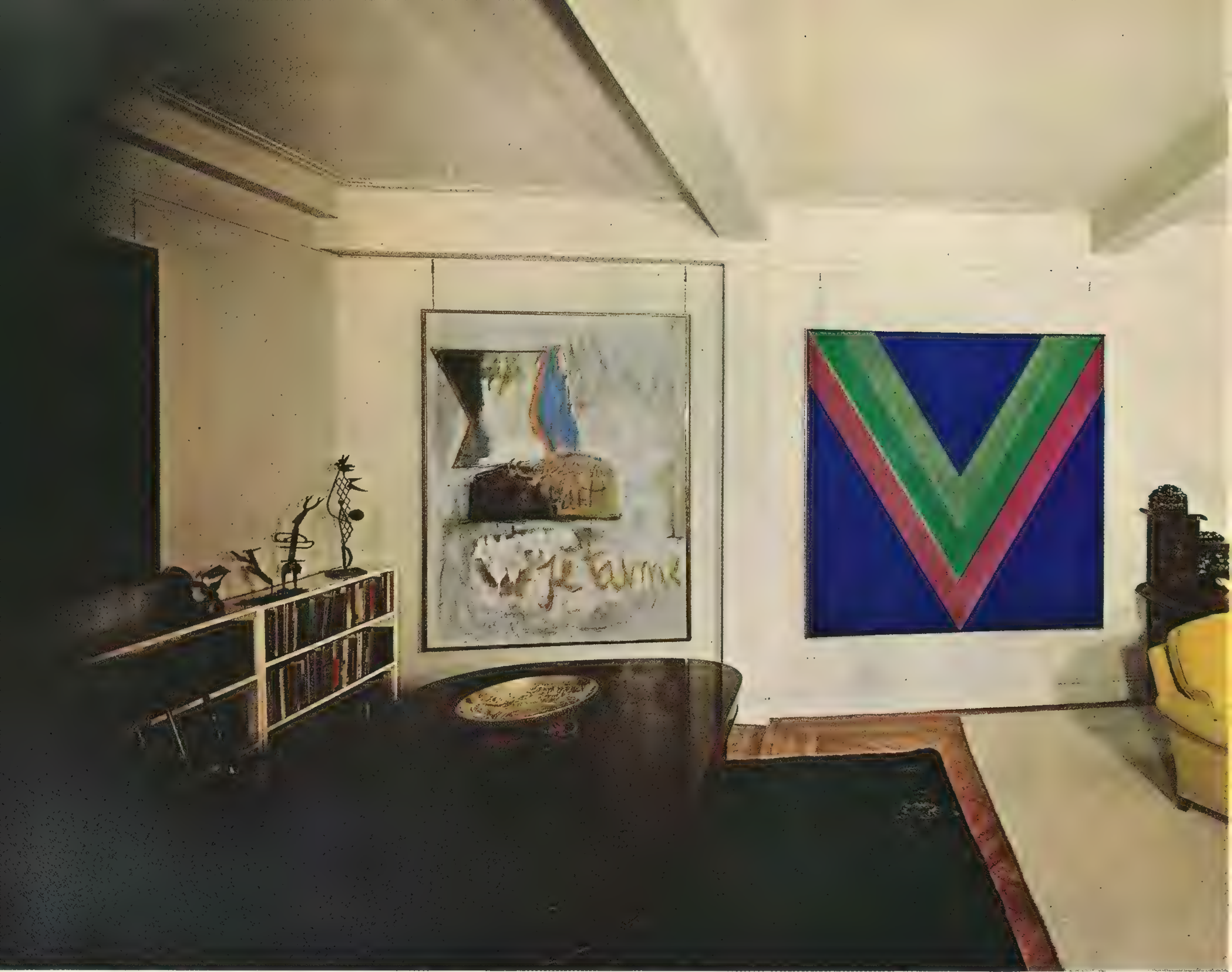
BY CLEMENT GREENBERG

All the paintings and most of the sculpture in our place came as presents from the artists. In no case has this put me under an obligation. I feel as free as before to say publicly whatever I choose about the work of these artists. (They were all kind enough, incidentally, to let me have my pick.)

To explain my tastes is part of my job as an art critic, and I can't begin to go into that here. It's not because of any desire to be consistent that most of the things we have are abstract. There are many, many contemporary representational artists whose work I admire—to name only a few (Continued on next page)

IN THE GREENBERGS' LIVING ROOM. Here with an extravagant gesture, the Greenbergs put easily together sculpture, paintings, periods. *On the wall at the left:* a Morris Louis next to a Wolfgang Holleggha, with, just beyond the door, an Ina Meares. The table, in the foreground of this photograph, holds a long African totem staff and a small archaic Chinese bronze of the Chou dynasty. *On the back wall:* a Barnett Newman painting above the bookcase which holds an Egyptian terra-cotta figure of the sixth dynasty, a Robert Jacobsen, and a David Smith. *To the right, on the wall:* a Robert Motherwell, a Kenneth Noland, and a Jules Olitski. (In the collection there are nine Noland.) *Note:* the painting behind Mr. and Mrs. Greenberg is a Clement Greenberg.

COLLECTION



HANS NAMUTH



THE GREENBERG COLLECTION



close to home: Milton Avery, Arnold Friedman, Richard Diebenkorn, Elmer Bischoff, Paul Granlund, Sidney Laufman, Edwin Dickinson, Edward Hopper, Andrew Wyeth, John Chumley, Lennart Anderson, Goodridge Roberts of Canada. But with the exception of Friedman (who died in 1946), I never got as involved with artists like these, or as militantly excited about their work, as I did with some of the abstract artists who came up in my time. There is no question in my mind but that the most profoundly ambitious, the major art of the last thirty years has been altogether abstract—just as a lot of the worst art of that time has been.

Big abstract paintings turn out to be astonishingly easy to live with—easier maybe than any but the sketchiest of big representational paintings. A certain kind of abstract art that has emerged recently, and which is predominantly in our living room, exudes a characteristic airiness. Representational, illusionistic pictures of the same size, though presumably opening up the walls behind them, would eat up a lot more of the surrounding space; their contents have a way of coming forward as well as receding. Abstract painting, especially of the postwar American variety, tends to hold the wall more the way that Far Eastern painting does.

Another fact of my experience that may seem surprising is how little the matching or consistency of colour matters. A picture that works seems to fit in anywhere, regardless of the colours in the rooms or of the other pictures near it; and regardless, too, of styles or periods. I have yet to be shown that consistency in these respects is an aesthetic virtue.

THREE VIEWS OF THE GREENBERGS' PAINTINGS. *Above:* one important wall of the living room, with, left to right, a Robert Motherwell, a Kenneth Noland, and a Jules Olitski. *Near left:* another wall of the living room with a large red, blue, black, and yellow Noland, and a small Hans Hofmann with, below it, a 1946 Jackson Pollock. *The photograph far left,* with its view of Central Park shows Mr. Greenberg's study which has an unseen wall crowded with books. The large painting is a Noland, the smaller one a William Ronald, with, at the far right, a green Ludwig Sander. Not shown, the delightful nursery of the Greenbergs' nine-month-old daughter, Sarah, who lives with a big important Noland and a small landscape painted by her father.



THE NEW YORK



A WORLD'S FAIR IN THE WORKS, AND
THE CLOTHES THAT GET WITH IT—

IDEA

It's a dashing idea for spring in the city—suits and coats with new walking skirts: wider-hemmed, young, free, swinging, and—above all—short. What these clothes will dash to, starting April 22: an exciting show of dinosaurs (one poses, toothily, at the left) featured by Sinclair, IBM's oval theatre that sucks up banks of people to show them the think-ways of computers, Alaska's iglooful of northern lights, and all the other wonders in the square mile of New York that's getting ready to be the 1964 World's Fair. The short walking skirt, left, slanted to fullness and part of a chalk-white suit, entering here on the arm of a dinosaur who's prepared to lecture, in an appropriate setting, about his own life and times. Other suit-facts: a cropped cardigan, overblouse of navy-blue dots. Suit by Stephan, of Narco rayon (Jacques Maisch fabric); about \$55 at Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle Bros.; Neusteters. White kidskin hat by Halston, to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Shoes by Herbert Levine. Pink in a walk, right, a suit with pleat-eased skirt, the shorter wider hem that's news now. Under the tabbed jacket, a sleeveless pink overblouse. By Marquise, of Fibranne; about \$245 at Lord & Taylor; Blum's, Chicago; Harold's. Hat by Emme. Both pages: Van Raalte gloves.

WILLIAM KLEIN

**WIDER-HEMMED, SHORTER,
ALL MADE FOR WALKING**







a b c OF WORLD'S FAIR WONDERS

Here, three months before the opening of New York's 1964 World's Fair, is an alphabet of some of its wonders—the curious, the beautiful, the informative, and the bizarre. Some of the Fair's promises may never leave the realm Victor Hugo called “capital Soap-Bubble.” Other promises may prove to be measures of this century, the practical triumphs of practical dreaming. At this time the only sure bet is that the Fair will change and grow daily until, and after, it opens on April 22.

a NIMALS. Some of the best will be part-time at the Fair—Jordan's superb Camel Corps planned for Jordan Day in May. Some full-time—as “well-fed lions” offered as snapshot props at the African Pavilion. . . . APPLE CIDER DAY. At the Wisconsin Pavilion. . . . ARCHITECTURE. Some heady experiments. The large building like a tapered box which from some angles seems to float above the ground, designed for Bell Telephone by Harrison & Abramovitz. The enormous blue “egg” of a building perched in eighty-foot-high black steel trees, designed for IBM by Charles Eames and the late Eero Saarinen. The ring of attenuated concrete silos designed for New York State by Philip Johnson. As part of this complex, Mr. Johnson added a building he calls a

“cheese box”—he commissioned ten New York State artists to do for it such works as a group of distorted Tuxedos, hung from a ladder, and a monumental sculpture of scrap automobile parts. . . . ART. Part glutton's nightmare, part great: including a 13th century B. C. tortoise shell carved with the earliest writing of man in the Far East, at the Republic of China Pavilion; Michelangelo's “Pietà,” at the Vatican Pavilion. . . . ATOMIC FUSION. Real demonstrations popped off every six minutes at the General Electric Pavilion. . . . ATOMSVILLE. How many atoms does a child weigh? Children may find out on an atomic scale in the Atomic Energy Commission's exhibit for kids only. At the Hall of Science. . . . AUDIO-ANIMATRONICS. Possibly one of the Fair's big stars is this new system of electronically synchronizing sound and motion in three-dimensional figures. Its most eerie example may be the effigy of Abraham Lincoln which has a flesh-warm handshake, seventeen facial expressions (one of them nervous) and speaks Lincoln's words. At the Illinois Pavilion.

b ALENCIAGA. In Person. He is expected for occasional showings of his designs, by invitation only. At the Spanish Pavilion. . . . BANDS. Caribbean steel bands,

European oompah bands, and a New England village-green band which, on some days, will be the Boston Pops. . . . BAYANIHAN. The extraordinary Philippine dancers, at the Fair and at Lincoln Center on June 12. . . . BOATS. A replica of Columbus' “Santa Maria”; a replica of the “Bounty,” from the movie *Mutiny on the Bounty* and, on Meadow Lake, a Mississippi river-boat with banjos, minstrelsy, and food. . . . BUBBLE ELEVATORS. Glass barrels like sliding blisters on two of the towers of the New York State Pavilion. . . . BULGOKI. Broiled meat marinated in pear juice in the restaurant at the Korean Pavilion.

C AMERAS. For amateur photographers—the roof, designed as a rolling, stalagmitic white landscape for snapshots. At Eastman Kodak. . . . CATHEDRAL AT COLOGNE. One of the capsule views-from-all-over reproduced in miniature and seen from moving ramps in the International Gardens at Ford. . . . CHIMPANZEE. On skates, in the ice show. At the New York City Building. . . . CHINCHILLA. A glut—\$15,000 worth on a puppet in the “Poupées de Paris”; a dress of chinchilla given away at the end of the season at the ice show, and a floor-length chinchilla coat used at the paint exhibition by Du Pont. (Continued on the next page)

CHECKS, PLAIDS, WIDER HEMS

Standing in a grove of steel trees, two suits with pleat-widened hems that breeze beautifully through the World's Fair, or the world. The trees, part of the garden atmosphere surrounding IBM's elevated elliptical theatre where computers entertain—showing that they too have Fun, a Method, and Problems. The audience is seated in a People Wall that lifts, hydraulically, into viewing position. At far left, a suit of hound's-tooth checks in black and white, with a windbreaker-jacket that zips up the front through bias bands, a short box-pleated skirt. By Ilie Wacs, of cotton and viscose. About \$215 at Lord & Taylor; Joseph Magnin. Near left, a suit of black and white Prince of Wales plaid—very toff in silk tweed with a narrow jacket, small rounded collar, a shorter wider-hemmed skirt of box-pleats. Inside, a black silk-and-wool sleeveless overblouse. By Christian Dior-New York, at Bergdorf Goodman; L. S. Ayres; Frost Bros. Both hats here, by Emme.





abc OF WORLD'S FAIR WONDERS

... CIRCUS. The compact one-ring show has given itself the whole world to pull its acts from. ... CLOCKS. The first atomic one, accurate to a millionth of a second. At the Swiss Pavilion.

dANCING. An insistent amount of folk dancing scheduled by, among others, Guinea, Sierra Leone, Switzerland, and New Jersey. ... DEAD SEA SCROLLS. Three of these history-shaking 1900-year-old finds. At the Jordan Pavilion. ... DINOSAURS. Especially a Brontosaurus, waving its head over Grand Central Parkway, one of nine life-size beasts dating from 63 million to 230 million years ago. Some move, one talks, all are fake; a newsman called up to ask if the dinosaurs were alive. ... DISHMAKER. This appealing machine takes dirty plastic dinner dishes, crunches them up, and sends back a clean new plate. At the Festival of Gas. ... DRIVING GAME. Anyone willing to risk public humiliation can handle simulated car controls while a film of road situations unrolls, and a lighted scoreboard totes the driver's efficiency. At the Socony-Mobil Pavilion.

eCONOMICS. A two-weeks, post-graduate credit course, offered free at The Hall of Free Enterprise. ... ENGINE. One of the biggest is Chrysler's pulsing, sounding turbine through which spectators pass like Mr. Sludge. ... -ESTS. Superlatives nourish fairs; here, some to start on. This World's Fair has the brightest light ever made—visible in Washington, D.C.; the loudest carillon ever—audible in Times

Square when turned up full; the largest musical comedy cast; the biggest cheese in the world; and the highest eleventh-century Celtic Cross.

fILMS. In the works now: a film of subatomic particles, projected down into a bowl-shaped screen at the Hall of Science; electrical storms and molecules forming water, projected up into a dome at Eastman Kodak; and a 360° film may surround visitors with a view taken by cameras strapped under an airplane as it landed at La Guardia Airport—the pilot had orders to hit hard and bounce. At the Port Authority Building. ... FIREWORKS. \$400,000 worth for two seasons over the Pool of Industry where another "F" showers: FOUNTAINS, at the peak of their evening performance hurling five million gallons of water in the air. ... FLAG-JUGGLING. The Swiss *Fahnen-Schwingers* who hurtle banners at the annual festival in Siena, Italy. Nightly, in the *Wonderworld* show at the Amphitheatre. ... FLUME-RIDE. A hair-raising shoot in a hollowed log down rushing water. ... FOOD. Sixty-some restaurants will supply it, not to mention the many hot-dog stands, each surrounded by small bleachers from which people watch people. Among the restaurants predicted to be good: The Toledo, at the Spanish Pavilion; the elaborate Chinese restaurant at the Hong Kong Pavilion; the Belgian Village rathskeller; the Festival '64—American-Food restaurant (one taste of Americana, green corn with shrimps)....

FUTURE. Guesses of what's ahead include an underwater motel (a salvage plan for an "undevelopable" area in General Motors' Futurama); a geological and sociological projection five thousand years ahead ("It's not easy," said the planners), at Westinghouse; and a twelve minute dash through evolution on a "Magic Skyway" into a future only Ford knows.

gALLEGRO. Galician ballet with bagpipers. At the Spanish Pavilion. ... GARDENS. Two with a pleasing ring: the Chinese garden at the Hong Kong Pavilion, and the Garden of Meditation designed, like a French park, by Edward Durell Stone for the Christian Science Pavilion. ... GRAHAM. The Evangelist Billy Graham. When he visits the Fair, he will move out of his own small pavilion to the Arena (18,000 seats) or to William A. Shea Stadium (55,000 seats), the new home of New York's baseball Mets and football Jets. ... GUIDE-MARKS. Threaten to blank each other out. Undefeated champion for highest point at the Fair: The tallest (220 feet) of the three towers at the New York State Pavilion.

hELICOPTERS. This Fair could make them as common as buses. One uncommon one, attached to a boom, will swoop, dive, give thrill rides in the Amusement Area. ... HOSTESSES. As guides, greeters, and all-purpose unguent, young women will be brought in from, for instance, Japan, India, Texas, and International Business Machines. ... (Continued on the next page)

PINK TWEED; THE WIDER SKIRT

Previewing the Fair (and only the brave deserve it, from this tricky perch), a suit of pink diagonal wool tweed with a bias-banded cardigan, white textured silk vest, and the spunky shortness of a wide-hemmed walking skirt. The scaffolding here, framework for the Alaskan exhibit—a whale of an igloo that will show, among other things, an astonishing replica of the aurora borealis. Suit by Abe Schrader; about \$100 at Altman's; Julius Garfinckel; Harzfeld's. Bally of England shoes. Halston hat, made to order at Bergdorf Goodman.





abc OF WORLD'S FAIR WONDERS

HUDSON RIVER. The moody bewitching Hudson-River landscape art and portraits of George Inness, Thomas Cole, Samuel F. B. Morse, exhibited at the New York State Pavilion.

● KENOBO, the sixteenth-century Buddhist monk and father of flower-arranging. Ikenobo is now the name of the school which will make the "ten-chi-jin" (heaven-earth-man) triangular flower arrangements for tea ceremonies at the Japanese Pavilion. . . . IKON. The 500-year-old Byzantine Madonna and Child, 10" x 13", glinting with a thousand jewels, at the Russian Orthodox Pavilion. . . . IRISH COFFEE. Served at the Irish Pavilion.

● ADE. Promised, some superb examples, never seen before in this country, at the Republic of China Pavilion. . . . JET-PROPELLED MAN. Equipped with jets shaped like fire-extinguishers attached to his belt, he will zoom around the Amphitheatre in the show, *Wonderworld*—no wires, no tricks, just Buck Rogers. . . . JUDO. Olympic Trials in the Arena at the Fair this summer for this and other sports: fencing, boxing, wrestling, weight-lifting.

KABUKI. A troupe of the marvellously disciplined actors and musicians, whose performance seems at once exuberant and ominous, will be resident entertainers at the Japanese Pavilion. . . . DR. KILDARE. One of the jumble of waxworks in unlikely juxtapositions at the International Wax Museum. A few others, Cleopatra, Lady Godiva, Superman, the Three Musketeers. . . .

KING KONG. Stuffed. The original monster made for the movie, and the little eighteen-inch replica of King Kong made for the scenes in which he climbed the (miniature) Empire State Building will be among the entrancing collection of trick machines and props from old movies. At the Hollywood Pavilion.

LIGHTNING. One million volts of lightning jolted through a living man each evening to light a two-by-four in his hands. Other wonders: the cry that shatters glass; a metal ring that floats in the air; all at the Sermons in Science Pavilion. . . . LIGHTS. All Fair street lights are horizontal rows of coloured squares, may or may not be coded to let visitors who speak no English know where they are. . . . LIPIZZANER. Vienna's balletic white horses, at the Fair in May. . . . LOST CHILDREN. The Fair may put these children on the two-hundred-receiver closed-TV circuit for identification—which gives getting lost a new appeal. . . . LUAU. Of course, at the Polynesian Village, and the Hawaiian Pavilion.

MAGIC. Three-dimensional objects jumping out of two-dimensional movies in the magic show every fifteen minutes at the General Cigar Pavilion. . . . MONEY. One billion for construction of Fair, highways, et cetera; \$111,900,000 expected in Fair admissions; \$2,500,000 ground rent for the largest lease-holder, General Motors; \$.99, cost of a seven-dish Chinese dinner, at Chun King. . . . MONORAIL. Two-car trains suspended about four

stories in the air from a 4,000-foot loop of track around the Amusement Area. . . . MOON TRIP. In eighteen minutes, there and back, by film projected in a planetarium-shaped dome. At the Transportation and Travel Pavilion. . . . MOSES, ROBERT. President of the World's Fair, who said once during the years of preparation: "I am very happy in some of the enemies I have made."

NEANDERTHAL MAN. Mechanized, he will teach his son to make fire, and make sounds. At the Ford Pavilion.

OCEANOGRAPHY. Including how to harvest the sea. At the Hall of Science. . . . O'CONNAIRE, O'CRIMONTAIN, O'GRIANNA. Three Gaelic poets whose writings can be heard, on earphones, at one of the Irish "listening posts." Readings from Yeats, Shaw, Synge, may be heard at others of these abstract trees. At the Irish Pavilion. . . . OUTER SPACE. Rendezvous there shown with the Gemini capsule, at the Missouri Pavilion.

PEARL-DIVING. By Tahitian girls (for Long Island oysters?). At the Polynesian Village. . . . "PEOPLE WALL," the mechanical bleacher that rises into a huge egg, fifty-three feet off the ground, carrying audiences up to the show inside. At IBM. . . . PUSH-BUTTON TELEPHONES. Standard equipment at the Fair. The phones have no dials but numbered, square push-buttons arranged rather like an adding machine. Unnerving on first try.

QUESTION-ANSWER MACHINES. One machine, given (Continued on page 106)

VESTED SUIT—SHORT, WIDE-SWINGING SKIRT

Another angle on the making of an igloo and, to match the cement snow that will cap it, a suit that's flaky, white, marvellous. An easy shape of jacket, carried here, and a short skirt that swings wide at the hem because of deep boxy pleats—both, white wool tweed with these extra dazzle-booster: a vest of deep golden brown silk, long-sleeved blouse of white-dotted turquoise silk. All, by David Kidd for Jablow; wool tweed: Fabrics by the Rings. Suit and blouse, about \$245; vest, about \$45. Bonwit Teller; Joseph Horne; Makoff. Herbert Levine shoes. Halston hat, to order at Bergdorf Goodman.

THE WORLD OF BLAZERS, PALE WIDE-HEMMED SKIRT





WALKING HEMS—NEW LIGHT ON COATS

Two ways, on this page, that short wide hems shape up into coats, both shown at the Tower of Light, World's Fair exhibit of the Electric Utilities Industry. Planned here: the strongest beam of light ever, piercing the sky with a total of twelve billion candlepower—said to be visible from Boston and Washington. *Upper coat* here, grey-beige-white plaid wool with frogs, sash, waist-gathers to round out its short hemline. With it, a skirt of the same plaid, white crêpe overblouse. Three-piece costume by Mademoiselle Ricci; about \$215 at Lord & Taylor; Woodward & Lothrop; Neiman-Marcus. Emme hat. *Directly above*, a beautiful coat shape of white silk-and-wool tweed, curved to a deep flounce from hip to short wide hem. By Bud Kilpatrick, of Staron fabric; at Evelyn Byrnes; Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. Gloves by Hansen. Halston hat, made to order at Bergdorf Goodman. *Left*, a blazer of navy-blue double-knitted wool with red pocket handkerchief; wide-hemmed skirt, grey worsted jersey (Jasco fabric). Cuffs, a cotton overblouse, leather headband—all white. Glimpsed here, at night: Unisphere, the Fair's symbol. Three-piece suit by Highlight, about \$110 at Saks Fifth Avenue; Rich's; Halle Bros.; Dayton's. Headband by Halston, to order at Bergdorf Goodman.

abc OF WORLD'S FAIR WONDERS

the asker's age and education, gives back a suggested reading list for any one of seventy-six subjects. At the Federal Pavilion. Another machine, punched with a date, shoots back the major headline for that day. At IBM Pavilion.

RADIO AMATEURS. They will have an international ham station. At Coca-Cola Pavilion. . . . RADIO ASTRONOMY. An exhibition about the most powerful intergalactic listening post in the world, the one at Green Bank. At the West Virginia Pavilion. . . . ROBOT. A mechanical figure will greet people, lecture, load, and demonstrate a film-reading machine. At Eastman Kodak.

SANDBOX. As big as two boxing rings, for children—in a small-scale replica of Tivoli Gardens. At the Danish Pavilion. . . . SANDWICHES. International sandwiches at the Seven-Up Pavilion; 160 open-faced ones at the Danish Pavilion. . . . "SCULPTURE CONTINUUM." Oliver O'Connor Barrett's amusing abstract sculptures, which, when seen from special angles, line up to look like animals. For children. At the Chunky Pavilion. . . . SHOE-SHINES. Free, at Johnson's Wax Pavilion. . . . SKYRIDE. A swing across the International Area in Swiss cable cars 112 feet in the air. The ride (which, by night, may be one of The Things To Do)

leaves from the Swiss Pavilion. . . . SNAKE-DANCES. Hot-coal dances, too, at the American Indian Village. . . . STATISTICS. Seventy million visitors is the low figure on expected attendance during the two seasons. This Fair, eight times the size of the Seattle World's Fair, covers approximately a square mile. The Fire Department has blue and orange fire engines. To see all the exhibitions will take twelve days. One hundred thousand tulips should bloom at the Fair this spring.

T-BONE CRASH. One of the elaborate, calculated smash-ups four times a day at the Auto Thrill Stadium. . . . THERMO-ELECTRIC LUNCH PAIL. This future gizmo heats portable meals at the flip of a switch. At the Festival of Gas. . . . TIME CAPSULE. A new one will join the capsule buried at the 1939 New York World's Fair, both to be dug up, hopefully, in 6938 A.D. The old one included: a safety pin, a recording of "Flat-Foot Floogee," a radio antenna, and the September 1, 1938 issue of Vogue (on microfilm). . . . TROUT. To fish for at the Minnesota Pavilion; to eat, at the West Virginia Pavilion. . . . TUTANKHAMEN. Some of that Pharaoh's glorious gold and jeweled tomb objects, at the United Arab Republic Pavilion.

UNDERSEA SPORTS CAR. A "definite possibility" fore-

seen, at General Motors Pavilion. . . . UNISPHERE. The permanent symbol of the Fair, a skeletal steel globe, was built by Mohawk Indian bridge-workers.

VELÁSQUEZ. His portrait of Pablillo de Valladolid will be among the magnificent art at the Spanish Pavilion where there may also hang paintings by El Greco, Goya, Zurbarán. . . . VERTOL 107. The twenty-five-passenger shuttle helicopter between Manhattan and the Fair.

WHITE-WALL FERRIS WHEEL. An eighty-foot high ride that looks like a monster tire. By U. S. Rubber.

XRAY. The uses, powers, dangers of—the subject of one of the Atomic Energy Commission's major exhibits. At the Hall of Science.

YACHT BASIN. Fifteen hundred boat berths made of floating fiber glass piers, at the Marina. . . . YEPES. The classical Spanish guitarist, who, like other Spanish musicians, including Andrés Segovia and Victoria de los Angeles, will make two-week appearances at the Spanish Pavilion.

ZIP. One of the star porpoises. They walk on their tails, do swan dives, bowl, like to be patted by their trainers, and put on what may be one of the Fair's more entrancing performances. At the Florida Pavilion.

ROSÉ TWEEDS; WIDER HEMS

Tweed suits, here, in two depths of pink, both with the wider, breezier hemlines that will go, shortly, to the Fair and everywhere. Being built on all sides, the Jordan exhibit—the roller-coaster beams here will support a roof made to resemble, topographically, the terrain near the Mount of Temptation in Jordan. This, to be made of concrete, painted gold, studded with coloured mosaics.

Some of the excitements inside: Dead Sea Scrolls, a model of the rosé city of Petra.

The suit at the top, pink-and-white wool tweed with flapped patch pockets, wide-hemmed skirt with a buttoned panel. By Sloat, of Berroco fabric; about \$75. Hat of shiny white kidskin (an idea we love), by Emme. Far right, suit of pink wool tweed flecked in black and grey, with cardigan jacket, short wide-swinging skirt of double box pleats. By Sloat; about \$80. Both suits at Bergdorf Goodman; Hutzler's; Woodward & Lothrop; I. Magnin. White kidskin hat by Adolfo. Shoes at Saks Fifth Avenue.







AFTER-THEATRE SUPPER FOR TWELVE OR FIFTEEN

BOULA SOUP
(green pea and turtle)

In three chafing dishes:
VEAL KIDNEYS AND MUSHROOMS*
TURKEY HASH
EGGS WITH SHRIMPS*

Rice
Buttered Bread

CHOPPED BELGIAN ENDIVE SALAD

WATER ICES, LITTLE CAKES
SAVOURIES

ALE • WHISKY AND SODA
POUILLY-FUISSÉ

When you have as many as twelve or fifteen people around for food, you are sure to get one at least who did not, as a child, have a determined parent who said flatly to him, "Eat that lovely tripe, and be quiet."

So he—and just as often she—may flinch at calves' brains in brown butter, recoil at the sight of a cucumber, and perhaps break out with hives at the mention of garlic.

Don't think that, even in time, you can eliminate him. He will show up again. The thing to do is placate him.

Give him some turkey hash. *Nobody* can object to that—especially if it doesn't have quite enough salt in it. So, your social conscience clear, you can plan the rest of your food for adults.

NOTE: If this is to be a party after an opening night, you had better have everything prepared early. The way the theatre in New York has been going this year, your guests may arrive shortly after the end of the first act.

VOGUE'S OWN RECIPE VEAL KIDNEYS AND MUSHROOMS

8 veal kidneys	1½ limes
Flour	3 ounces vermouth
1 pound mushrooms	¼ cup water
¼ pound butter	1 pint cream

Salt and pepper

Remove all fat and skin from the kidneys, wash and slice thinly. Wash mushrooms and also slice them thinly. Shake a little of that new Wondra flour over the kidneys and pat it in. Melt a quarter of a pound of butter in a heavy iron skillet, add the kidneys, cook them very briefly, just enough to take off the pink. Now add the mushrooms and with them the juice of the limes, the vermouth and about a quarter of a cup of water. Stir this all thoroughly and let it bubble over low heat for ten or fifteen minutes until the mushrooms are soft. Finally add the cream—not too much, something less than a pint. Heat, pour into the pan of your chafing dish and keep warm over the water. Serve with rice.

THE SNAPPER: The lime juice.

VOGUE'S OWN RECIPE EGGS WITH SHRIMPS

24 eggs—hard boiled or <i>mollets</i>	1½ pounds of cooked shrimp, chopped
1 quart chicken broth	3 tablespoons flour
12 mushrooms sliced thinly	3 tablespoons butter
1 can of artichoke bottoms, drained and sliced	Cayenne

In a large pot bring the chicken broth to a boil, drop in the mushrooms and the artichoke bottoms. Boil for five minutes. Now add the shrimps, and the three tablespoons of Wondra flour, which really is good, and the butter. (If you do not use Wondra flour the butter and regular flour must first be made into *beurre-manié*, and then dropped into the broth.) Add also several good dashes of cayenne. Now turn down the heat and, stirring all the time, let the liquid thicken. In a chafing dish over warm water place twelve hard-boiled eggs, or eggs *mollets*, spoon over them half the sauce. When these have been eaten, refill the chafing dish. Serve over rice.

THE SNAPPER: The artichoke bottoms.

(Continued from page 68)

program (200 West 58th Street), again much liked by ballet dancers. And, of course, the programs at the big beauty salons—at Elizabeth Arden where Miss Craig is exercise queen; at Helena Rubinstein, the lithe-line workout directed by a charming Miss Hilke; or at Kenneth's, where Mr. Fitzgerald is the latest word.

Foot and leg improver. Lucille Bouchard, 502 Park Avenue, EL 5-6190, has made better-looking legs a specialty. Shape, condition, and decoration are all her concerns—their betterment worked on from massage to pedicure.

Hairdressing, any language. Near the United Nations quartier, as you'd be quite correct in anticipating, is a hair salon which specializes in *ici on parle* anything. L'Embassy Coiffures, 888 Second Avenue, PL 3-0066.

Hair done at home. If you've formed an alliance with any good-sized beauty salon, you could enquire into your chances for at-home setting, combing, or emergency repair work for hair. If your own alliance has no such special service for special clients (the term for the faithful customer), Mr. Harold of the Winslow Hotel (MU 8-4184) has built a small flying squad of staff that will come to you at home, do a shampoo, set, manicure, and comb-out—equipment all ensuitcased—for something like \$15 plus taxi fare and tip. They don't claim to be traffic-stopping stylists; they do have every right to think well of their quick, clean, conscientious work.

Hairdressing, long hours. Most beauty salons run late one evening per week—groans and late staff-arrivals that day notwithstanding. For most beauty salons, that night is Thursday. For Mr. Kenneth, our one-jump-ahead boy, it's Wednesday nights.

Hairdressing, any hour. The sun never sets on Larry Mathews. That chain runs around the clock. The branch at the Great Northern Hotel, 118 West Fifty-seventh Street, is open twenty-four hours a day; closes midnight Saturday, reopens 9 A.M. Monday. One at 701 Seventh Avenue, and another at 1044 Madison Avenue, are open until midnight every night except Sunday. . . . LT 1-2225 will tell you which branch is doing what.

Hairdressing, transportation arranged. The charming Joyce Christopher salon at 740 Madison Avenue, LE 5-6646, has, besides a superb haircut and a lot of clever wiggery-thinking, this to offer: transportation in an adorable little London taxi if you book in time, and pay \$3 extra for it.

Hair, great colour work. You couldn't ask for better hair-colouring anywhere in the world than what Rose Reti (Rue de la Paix is her salon's name) has to offer. Trouble-shooter, disaster-correcter, colouring planner, she's saved more heads than Equanil. 4 East 53rd Street. PL 3-1731.

Hair-straightening. Named in address books owned by a few particularly savvy young women who are hardy teeps (and like paying as little as possible whenever possible) is Jaffry's, a one-flight-up hair-straightening shop near the Latin Quarter, 717 Seventh Avenue; telephone CO 5-9405. The man they all ask for is Mr. Edward. . . . For less adventurous creatures, calmer about undergoing hair-straightening when it's supervised by a hairdresser they know and love, the process is certainly not unknown if asked for at one's usual hairdressing salon. . . . For the woman whose hairdresser isn't awfully up on hair-straightening, however, a good salon where hair-straightening has been practised for years, is Irene's Beauty Parlor, 162 West 34th Street; LO 5-6800. Mr. Jimmy.

Hair—when it's thinning. Don Lee's studio, not much bigger than a small shoeshine parlour, has a superb reputation, faithful followers, and a pretty clear picture of what can or can't be done for you. 130 West 57th Street; CI 5-9135.

Make-up monitors. If you haven't the vaguest idea of where to begin your face, the Eddie Senz people (see Eyebrow Shaping) can give you a basic recipe; they can also make you up in any given character (you've always wanted to be a lady banker?). . . . For a make-up lesson that could give you the greatest eyes you've ever hoped

for, and a quite sophisticated general make-up and skin-care education, there's Evelyn Marshall (see Eyelash Fitter, for address). Her price is: you must buy a minimum of \$35 worth of cosmetics from her—no other price. . . . For the woman who wants make-up help; cares terribly about its naturalness; wants glorious but not flamboyant ideas for evening, we find Miss Gwen at the Charles of the Ritz salon (461 Park Avenue; EL 5-4680) quite helpful, in a realistic and attractive way. . . . All of the other big beauty salons have make-up monitoring, too. Some are quite wonderful. Some are more spontaneously creative than wearable. It's our idea that make-up philosophies and techniques are worth shopping for, worth trying on. From an experienced collection, you'll find your own way. . . .

Manicure. House of Revlon. Wonderful. A specialty . . . (See Fish-skin Facelift for address.) . . . Or, the manicure of Irmgard Juergens, 37 West 54th Street (CI 5-6664) is rather great. People go to her flat—in a brownstone at the back of the Museum of Modern Art's garden—for a superior manicure they can count on seeing last for two weeks. She plays FM music for her clients while the hour-long manicure goes on; tolerates no lateness to dismantle her appointment book, which has some appointments written in a year in advance. \$5 for manicure. No pedicure. . . . Lovely manicure also the business of: Nails by Nena, 11 East 57th Street, PL 1-2423. Service for women with split and damaged fingernails, and no resistance to resourceful patching. (She'll use linen, cotton, or paper for this.) If you want her to line up some special procedures for your own manicurist, she'll do that. (The great, we find, are generous with info.)

Massage. Everyone to her own Joseph, Ingrid, or whatever. We no more expect to reveal the names of treasured, fully-booked masseuses than we'd tell the combo to Fort Knox. All we can say is: if you have a masseuse who'll come to your house, you don't need our lots-of-luck wish—there's nothing better than being able to slide from massage table into one's own warm tub. Beyond this luxury, there are lots of excellent you-to-them masseuses in New York, one of whom—Miss Mora of Helena Rubinstein—is better than standard, in our book. Miss Mora (655 Fifth Avenue; EL 5-2100), can adjust her depth of manipulation so subtly that no client need produce a bruise; is so sensitive that she can feel, through the back, thigh, arm, or whatever area she's working on, *any* thought passing through the client's mind at the time. "Stop thinking," she'll adjure a client, "You were getting tensed up there . . .". Pedicure. For the best pedicure in the most theatrically luxurious setting, you can't beat House of Revlon, where pedicure is practised by the hour on a chaise longue by a pool. The latter, a shallow reflecting pool, has received by non-appointment only three clients in the past month, we're told. (We keep weekly records on accidental wading.) 698 Fifth Avenue; PL 7-1900.

Waxing. Lots of people wax; some better, some worse. Because it's unique in its waxworks—two operators work on one client simultaneously, thereby cutting down on time required—we'll cite with special regard a place called Special Grooming, Inc. At 501 Madison Avenue. Room 308. Telephone number, HA 1-0646. \$16 for the waxing of one pair of legs, thigh to toe (two operators); no tipping. . . .

Wig repair. This, and the invention, styling, anything-you-ask in wiggery is the business of an enchanting Frenchman called Paul Chabré (38 East 57th Street; PL 2-5160), as it is of the long-established Richard Hartwich (whom we always think of as Richard Hartwig) at 665 Fifth Avenue, PL 2-2993.

Spa. We believe in the concentrated time-off one gets toward beauty at a looks-spa. Only thing is, there are very few complete beauty spas in the U.S.A. In the New York area (prime business of this Beauty Address Book), the most thorough, luxurious, and newly available is the Hambletonian Spa, at Goshen, New York. . . . If they can't take you on (although, since they're relatively new in the field, they may not be hopelessly booked up), you could always plan to jump aboard a sailing of the S.S. "America" or the S.S. "United States," and turn the ship's beauty and health facilities to your own spa advantage.

(Continued from page 70)

goes well beyond how hair looks when it leaves his salon. He is concerned with how hair manages day by day. Out of his elaborately comfortable headquarters at Nineteen East Fifty-Fourth Street come some deceptively simple, almost small-girl cuts. "Unfettered" and "little-nothing" are words his clients use in connection with them. Magnificent hair is the raw material.

Supposing the raw material is far from magnificent. Supposing it's fine, skimpy, childishly-behaving hair that likes to play dead. Or hair that's been bleached to a fare-thee-bad. Or hair upon which colour has been piled, dye on dye, as if colour were going out of style. Or wiry, kinky, arrogant hair that settles like a caged animal into an organized line. Is help in the cards?

In Kenneth's book, it could be. Sometimes by conditioning, of the hair or of the scalp or of both. Sometimes by the application of an "instant" conditioner, a plasticized protein liquid that's washed over the hair as an aftermath of shampoo. But Kenneth, whom many are willing to credit with inventing hair, is the first to stress that wondrous results do not from one-time-around-stuff come. Any conditioning plan must have continuity, even if continuity can only be a treatment every two months.

Now what about body, the underpinning of all good hair fashion now? Hair can acquire the look of body, and therefore health, these ways. By the corrective conditioners mentioned above—they fill in scales of the hair shaft opened up and roughened by the damage of teasing and ill-applied colour. More body comes by route of these: plastic-based setting lotions, thicker than average; larger, smoother rollers, that prop the setting hair up taut and high, give it a look of springing upward from the scalp; permanent wave or body wave—Kenneth has named the latter a "volume wave," a name that reaches into the heart of the matter, the look of quantity.

An earnest colouring job can often restore sick hair to health. The colour overcoat adds bulk to a hair shaft. Kenneth and other hairdressers couldn't agree more firmly that they would rather work on poor hair that's been well-coloured than on poor hair in its natural state, or hair that has just had a few unscholarly brushes with bleach.

How can a woman help her hairdresser help her? For one thing, by watching her menu with an appetite for what it's doing to her hair. Here are some thoughts on that. Lots of protein, to begin with. Protein is a word that has etched itself in the hair diet vocabulary as sharply as it has on the labels of hair aids that come in bottles. Since hair is basically protein—a fact which we mention over and over again because hair specialists mention it to us over and over again—anything protein is, hopefully, embellishing its vigour, soothing feelings injured by repeated punishment. Protein plays the hero in any hair diet story. The following, in excess, play the villains: sugar, starch, sodium, fats. When either hair or skin tends towards oiliness, these rascals should be regarded with the deepest suspicion.

A New York specialist in internal medicine, Dr. Eugene Foldes, developed some interesting theories about salt, gathered some hair-losing patients, and established the theory that drastic reduction of salt intake resulted in drastic reduction of hair outgo. Dr. Foldes does not suggest a completely salt-free diet—that, he found, would produce an undesirable imbalance in the body's chemical plant. What he does go out on the limb for is a salt-poor diet, a temperate eater who tries to avoid the salt shaker and salty foods, but does know the need of a small amount of salt in cooking.

Another idea then crossed the doctor's mind: would administration of vitamins in enormous dosage, added to the salt-poor diet, further cut down the hair loss? The answer to this was no. Except for two vitamins—thiamine chloride and ribo-

flavin, which had no effect one way or the other, the vitamins taken in excess of normal needs only aggravated the patients' conditions, i.e., worked adversely on hair production.

Why so many vitamins would turn out to be so uncooperative could be explained, we understand, by something called "the production of glucocorticoids." We will leave that to the laboratories to probe, but before leaving this doctor's clues for what they're worth (which might be a lot), we should say this. Dr. Foldes first concerned himself with hair loss when he started losing his own. He practises his own preachments and the effect seems all to the good: he has a considerable thatch.

... Away from the kitchen and the medicine chest and back to how a woman can help her hairdresser: She can help by understanding his terminology and his materials, starting with the basic cleanser, shampoo. Those shampoos that address themselves to different hair types—dry, oily, normal, tinted—do not do so lightly. For dry hair, they try to be mild, emollient, and non-defatting. For oily, they come with a built-in directive to remove oil film. For tinted hair, they have orders to leave the colour alone.

What do cream rinses do? These are known in the lab as ciatonic because they have a kind of positive electrical charge that adheres to the hair shaft, makes it softer, more pliable, more combable, more settable.

... What about hairsprays? Most have a little-celebrated but most useful ingredient, an anti-static that repels dust and dirt. Which would seem to say this—sprayed hair is cleaner hair.

Sprays come with qualifying adjectives attached that imply, one way or another: "hard to hold," "regular," "gentle." How they differ is predicated on the holding power of the combinations of the resins within them. "Hard to hold" is powered for complex hair designs. "Regular" leaves hair less rigid. The "gentle," "natural" sprays are the newest because they hold hair the way it's moving—softly but under control.

... The permanent wave, the

process by which the hair is chemically softened, permitting alteration of the hair structure, now splits itself into three divisions. The traditional curl permanent, with its tight, firm curls. . . . The body wave which gives hair body without curls—the hair rises from the scalp and falls into waves at the end. The body wave employs a larger curler rod, results in a less-lasting permanent wave (although some women manage quite well on one or two a year). . . . The third permanent is straightening, a procedure which might be called a "permanent" de-wave.

... How long does colour last? Temporary colour lasts until the next shampoo. . . . Semi-permanent colour, designed primarily for greying, but not *greyed* hair, fades gradually, over a number of weeks or from four to six shampoos. . . . Permanent colour penetrates hair shaft, lasts until the hair grows out.

Finally, what does the hairdresser expect his once-a-week client to do for herself to keep her set at home? She should brush it out once a day (with a natural-haired brush) and restore its line with a few rollers and clips. But, interestingly, the hair stylists have discovered that a woman is usually neither eager nor indeed able to work with rollers if she is over thirty. The over-thirty woman did not grow up with hair rollers and feels they are not her responsibility. For her, unless she has marvelous hair, professional attention more than once a week might be indicated. A stylist's combing in the morning before an important day, a combing in the afternoon before an important party. Sometimes, especially if the hair involved is oily, the full shampoo-plus-set routine twice a week. And, if she is one of those rare birds who can wash, dry, and comb her own short hair successfully, a shampoo in the shower every morning. (It's being done all the time and it's glorious.)

There are more of them all over the forest—women with "the thick and full suit of hair" the late nineteenth-century Vogue editors missed. More of them with more wherewithal to make such a suit their heavy one.

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

When it's a matter of
what's not in it for you

Some cosmetics make their reputations on the basis of what's in them. Others—those known as hypo-allergens—make their names on what's *not* in them. They by-pass ingredients that have been known to cause or stimulate an allergic reaction in some people. Such by-passing isn't easy, indeed is a tour de force by master formulators who, to be successful, must produce hard-working cosmetics that do superb jobs, but do them differently from the norm. One such group of helpful mavericks goes by the name of Almay, a company whose preparations are cautiously screened of fifty-five possible irritants—from Acacia to Zinc Sulphate to be alphabetically specific. And one example of an extraordinary cream arrived at by a non-standard approach is Almay's Deep Mist Moisture Cream, a luscious pink froth of a moisturizer to use as a make-up base and as a night cream. Deep Mist looks deceptively frivolous, but is very serious about its task of protecting delicate skins, discouraging fine lines, warding off blemishes caused by dryness. More of its good news: the merest bit of it goes a long, effective way. Bloomingdale's; Rich's.

Automation comes
to the sandal scene

The curious thing—in view of all the sandal life being led by feet now, plus the practise of barefoot holidays at sunny beach places—is that pedicures can't always be delivered on demand. For some beauty salons, they are in fact inconvenient, with a capital and sometimes rather irritated I, the reason being that they require so much more time and space than manicure. Therefore, to back up whatever regular appointments you're able to arrange in the pedicure department—and perhaps to go a little further than pedicure appointments are permitted to go (namely into the thickened skin of the foot), there's a new electric love called Manicurist. For the perfectionist, it probably won't replace the expert's pedicure, but it will spell it beautifully. An electric emery disc, buffer, callus eraser, cuticle lifter, and brush emanate from a small turquoise and golden cabinet, which includes a cool-air vent for drying nail enamel. Hamilton Beach is the maker, and, needless to say, they had the field of emergency fingernail repair in mind for Manicurist, as well as the territory covered here. At Marshall Field; Frederick & Nelson; Rich's.



Gourmet's
guide to
**CHERRY
HEERING**
it's the difference between
eating and dining

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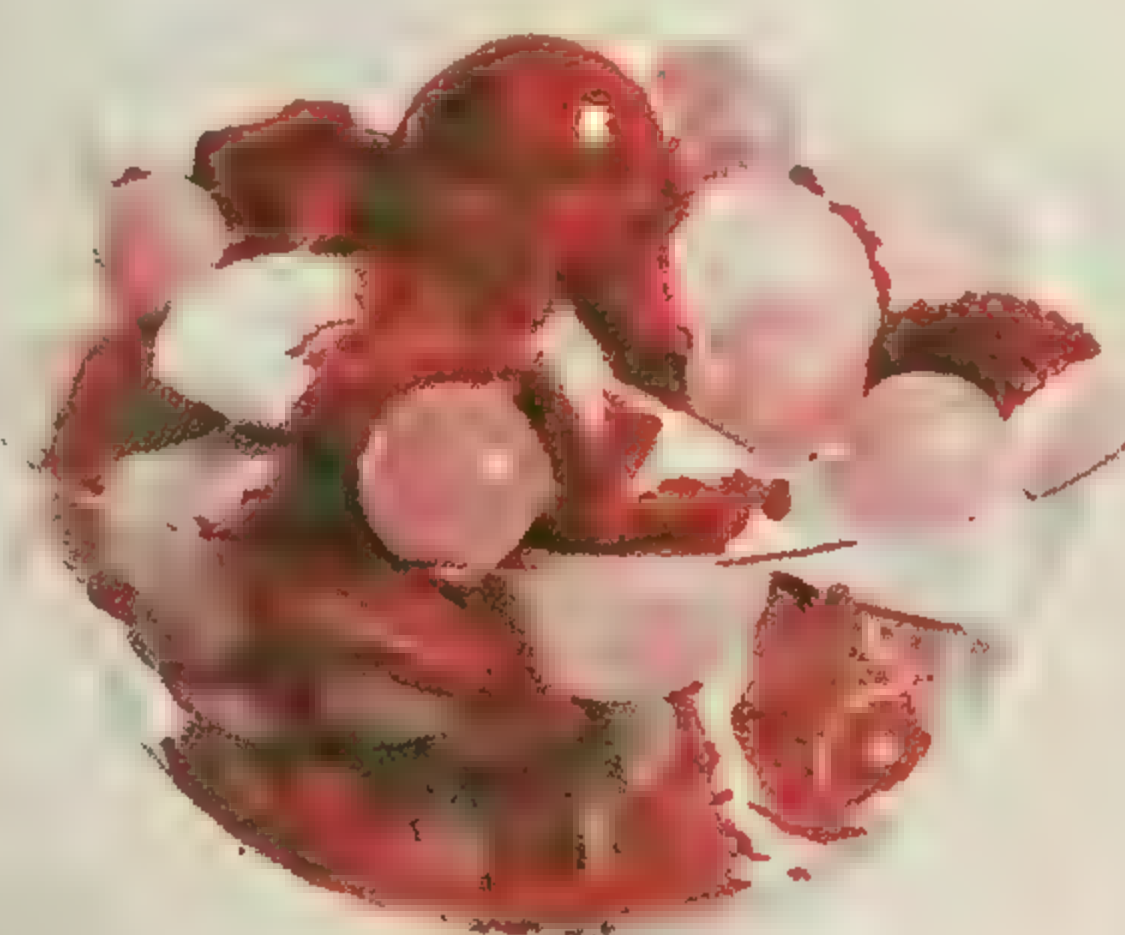
SUPERB SERVED CHILLED WITH YOUR AFTER-DINNER COFFEE



CHERRY HEERING FRAPPE: Pour 2 oz. Cherry Heering Liqueur over shaved ice in a cocktail glass. Serve with short straws.



CHERRY HEERING JUBILEE: Pour ½ oz. of Denmark's Liqueur Delight over vanilla ice cream. Top with Bing cherry.



FRUIT DELICE: Prepare your favorite fruit cup recipe. Chill. Spoon into dessert cups. Top each portion with ½ oz. of Cherry Heering.



KING PETER COCKTAIL: To an Old-Fashioned glass with ice add: ¾ oz. Cherry Heering and juice of ¼ lime. Fill with tonic water. Stir.

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NEW ADDRESS

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"THE HEART DEMANDS SATISFACTION"

(Continued from page 75)

to me when that night had passed—and until we reached the hotel far up in the mountains, that was all Cassandra said to me, but it was enough. She had changed. There is a difference between a young bride with crimson flowers and a young woman driving a dirty old forest green Packard with her white pointed toe just reaching the accelerator and a cigarette burning in her pretty mouth. What bride wants to keep her eyes on the road? So she had changed. She would never lose the invisible encyclopaedia balanced on the crown of her head and would always be identified for me with the B.V.M.

But behind her anticipation—why else the new purse? why else the patent leather travelling bag? or why the monogram?—and behind whatever vision she may have had of matrimony, there was a change. Still hopeful, still feeling joy, but smoking an unaccustomed cigarette and tasting fate. In the darkness I noticed that one of her pendant earrings had disappeared, and I was sorry and irritated at the same time, wanted to tell her to remove its mate or to let me take it off. But I held my peace.

And Fernandez? Fernandez, I knew, was drunk. At least he was a jealous custodian of the bottle, or inconsiderate groom, a testy son-in-law. And forty or fifty miles beyond El Chico Rio the black sprawling ominous interior of the Packard was filled suddenly with the elated piercing sounds of a wolfish whistle, and I saw that Fernandez was sitting on the edge of the seat with the bottle gripped between his knees and two fingers stuck between his teeth, grinning, staring at Cassandra, whistling those two loud terrible notes of his crude appreciation, and I knew that Fernandez was drunk or at least that he had given way, at last, to the psychic tensions of his mysterious past.

"Control yourself, Fernandez," I said, trying at any cost to preserve the humour of our jour-

ney, "we have a long night ahead of us."

"The heart cries out," he said, dully, morosely, "the heart demands satisfaction, nothing less. But my wife will know what I mean," nodding, wiping his brow. "Know what I mean, Chicken?"

The mere expression on her white face appeased him, though not for long because all at once we could see the moon shattering on the black chaos of the Pacific far below us and the first cigarette package was empty and Fernandez was hunched in the furthest dark corner of the car.

"Fernandez?" Softly, cheerfully, touching him lightly on the shoulder: "Are you all right? Shall we stop for a minute?"

"Drive on, good Papa Cue Ball, drive on," he said, and I saw that he had removed his shoes, removed his green socks, rolled the white linen trousers up to his knees. What next? His legs were perfect white shapely bowling pins, and he was arching one foot, wriggling the toes, flexing one calf.

"Hey, Chicken! You like cheesecake? You like cheesecake, Chicken?"

The Packard swerved once—headlights chopping through the trees—but Cassandra applied the brakes, steadied her hands on the wheel, and we recovered again, accelerated, sped around a curve with the moon going great guns again and Fernandez quickly repeating the marriage service to himself in Spanish. And then my heart was floating in a dark sea, in my stomach the waves were commencing their dark action. And yet for two more hours I was aware of everything, the climbing Packard, sudden feeling of elevation, hairpin turns in the road, small rocks in the road, Cassandra's white skirt riding above her knee, moon flitting behind stark silhouetted peaks, the white plastic Madonna fixed and comforting on the dashboard, clearly aware of Fernandez sitting upright and all at once talking happily at my side.

"It's silver mining country, Chicken. You see? Mountains of the great silver deposits. Think of the lost cities, the riches, thousands of little sure-footed burros laden with silver. Do you understand my feeling, Chicken? Silver is the precious metal of the church, the metal of devotion, ceremony, candlelight. The treasure of the heart, the blessed metal of my ancestors and of my sombre boyhood. Out of these mountains they dug silver for old coins, Chicken, silver for the heavy girdles of young brides. Think of it. . . ."

And slumped between them I listened, held my peace, drifted higher and higher into those black gutted mountains. There were ravines and cliffs and falling boulders all waiting to finish off the Packard, and we left our tire tracks in patches of fresh snow. Yet I merely grinned to myself, tried to imagine what our exact altitude might be.

EDITOR'S NOTE: "I enjoy the vigour of students and the violent intimacies of family life," John Hawkes wrote. "For the last several years my wife and I have been living with our four children in Providence, Rhode Island, where I am a member of the English Department of Brown University. . . . I care about prose that shoots high towards new beauties of its own." Mr. Hawkes, who is thirty-eight years old, lobbed a good one in his 1961 novel, *The Lime Twig*. He may have a rocket launch in his new novel, *Second Skin*, to be published this month by New Directions. From *Second Skin* came this excerpt for Vogue—and a curious hero, Skipper, who is also known as Papa Cue Ball. Of this hero John Hawkes wrote, "He survives his special share of abominations and assaults of grief through various tricks of courage and imperception and heart. Skipper is roundly ineffectual, reprehensible, quite out of step. . . . But he depends on himself; he lives. . . . To me he is admirable."

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Face powder situation— loosening up at last



"slip" . . . and a low-starch diet. One of the respected greats is Patou's Joy face powder which has been in circulation in the United States for the past thirty years in an edited-down range of exactly five shades. (There are many others to complete the range in France where all of Patou's powders are made for both European and American distribution—but five seem to do the trick here.) As for the fragrance, it's Joy unrestrained. How to get the most out of Patou face powder is, of course, to use it correctly. Which means using a fresh puff or snowball of cotton, pressing the powder onto the face liberally, flour-barrel fashion, then dusting off the excess in light, downward sweeps. As for how to carry loose powder around with you—that's a little transportation problem that seems to be taking care of itself. We're beginning to see a revival in loose-powder compacts—an indication of loose powder's newly reviving status. Patou powder here at Saks Fifth Avenue.

Bath cosmetics that make a shower a treat and a treatment

CHARLES FITZPATRICK



When it comes to those things that give a face immediate, visible, recognizably beautifying results, one of the least understood—and in recent years, most overlooked—forms of make-up is: loose powder. Not any old loose powder, but a *great* loose powder, of which there are perhaps no more than six or seven agreed-upon kinds in the world. What constitutes the superior powder may vary a little from subject to subject, but the general description goes as follows. It puts a bloom on the face. It holds and "finishes" the make-up beneath. It smooths out the skin. And besides clinging without dustiness, it stays fragrant, both in the container and on the skin. A mix of ingredients—some of them, especially talcum of top quality, now hard to come by and thoroughly expensive—the ideal face powder formula includes an ingredient to make the powder capable of absorbing sebacious oils without changing colour as the day wears on . . . talcum to provide

"I will impartially and neutrally say," wrote Ogden Nash, "that there are three things you can't do in a shower, and one is read, and the other is smoke, and the other is get wet all over." Until recently there has been a fourth can't-do called enjoying the blandishments of bath oil. Among new bathing assistants equally partial to perpendicular and horizontal bathers is Bleu de Mer, a thoughtful group of seven bath cosmetics formulated by Cosmia Laboratories. These skin-shining emollients are all applied by spray (soap excepted) and delicately scented with a low-key fragrance that lingers long on the skin. Although just one member of the Bleu de Mer family is enough to improve a bather's outlook, the full treatment goes this way. Before bath: Bath Oil Spray. Bathe with: Bath Oil Cake, a solidified bath oil; or Skincare Cake, a thickly lathering skin-softener. After bath: Skincare Spray, a treatment spray; then After Bath Spray, a soothing fragrance-enveloper. Powder with: Puff Powder Spray, a thin lubricating powder film. For the hands: Hand Cream Spray, a remarkable composition that incorporates thirty-two items. Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.



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Vogue's SHOP

Wonderful town, New York. In just one-half of Manhattan Island there are more worldly goods per square yard than in all of Paris, London, Rome, or the most sprawling Oriental bazaar—anything is findable in New York. Here: a Shop Hound guide to Finds.

AMUSING OBJECTS, THINGS FOR THE HOUSE

SOUPÇON, 147 EAST 70TH STREET. Things French are the *raison d'être* for this shop. A small, exquisite collection of Creil faïence; cast-iron pot-bellied stoves; one-of-a-kind antique jewellery; cooking utensils; charming hors d'oeuvres trays; prepared spices and salad dressings.

JANSEN SHOP, 42 EAST 57TH STREET. A branch of the Maison Jansen in Paris. Here—French furniture, époque Louis XIV and up, plus some old and new objets d'art: silver, plant stands and delicious artificial flowers, ebony-finished mahogany service plates, to name a few.

D/R INTERNATIONAL, 866 LEXINGTON AVENUE AND 53 EAST 57TH STREET. The best of Scandinavian, principally Finnish, modern design—handwoven fabrics, sturdy wooden toys, furniture, glassware, teak serving dishes—and the famous Finnish Marimekko clothes.

RICHARD CINORI, 711 FIFTH AVENUE. An enormous choice of porcelain, glassware, crystal, from Italy and France—old pharmacy jars, opaline lamps, sea-urchin-shaped bottle openers.

D'PORTHAULT, 55 EAST 57TH STREET. Two storeys of marvellous French linens for every room in the house—terry-cloth bath mitts to damask tablecloths.

PINK BALLOON, 971 FIRST AVENUE. This small shop bursts with colour—huge, splashy paper flowers, bright pillows, enamelled pottery. Also: wicker baskets in all shapes and sizes; Scandinavian glassware; scented soaps; children's paper cutouts.

NANCY'S FANCY, 1075 FIRST AVENUE. Whimsical ideas in abundance here—Charles Addams's Wednesday doll on a matchbox, a free-hanging magnetic and perpetual calendar are the kind of things Nancy fancies.

HOUND

Boutique Hopping . . . the New York Idea

BAZAR FRANÇAIS, 666 SIXTH AVENUE and LA CUISINIÈRE, 903 MADISON AVENUE. Two shops brimming with everything for food. The first: mostly functional utensils for exacting cuisinières—an amazing choice of moulds for mousse, salads, or ice cream. The latter: an excellent assortment of useful and attractive kitchen items, plus Staffordshire plates and platters.

SHELLEY MARKS, 3 WEST 56TH STREET. A tiny closet of a shop with the atmosphere of a French neighbourhood parfumerie. Mr. Marks makes his own perfume and sachets in classic scents like Potpourri and Lemon Verbena and sells them at relatively low prices.

CASWELL-MASSEY, LTD., 518 LEXINGTON AVENUE. One of the few apothecaries extant in New York. Here you can still find almost any dried flower, flower oil, or herb for preparing your own essences or sachets. Famous for cucumber-based beauty preparations.

DISCOPHILE, 26 WEST EIGHTH STREET. Record shop with one of New York's largest selections of imported disks; also stocks out-of-print records—all at discount.

FASHION

LE SORELLE, 137 EAST 56TH STREET. Wonderful things from Italy—knitted dresses and suits, shifts in every possible fabric, long skirts, knitted pants, bulky sweaters in gay Italian stripes. Also some Borsalino hats.

ILKA SUAREZ, 302 EAST 49TH STREET. Coats, suits, and dresses made to order from the proprietor's own designs or the customer's. French knitted clothes, too.

THE TAPE MEASURE, 710 LEXINGTON AVENUE. Many, many dresses ready-to-wear or very reasonably made-to-order (one fitting) in a large choice of fabrics. Some costume jewellery, handbags, leather belts.

RIA GEOPARDI, 700 MADISON AVENUE. A tiny shop with made-to-order suits of imported fabrics; good Italian shoes, handbags, jewellery.

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BETTY METCALF, 779 MADISON AVENUE. A designer who emphasizes clothes that travel marvellously as well as smashing country costumes. We especially liked her wool jersey cape-and-jacket costumes which can depart from an icy Northern climate and, pared down, arrive comfortably in tropical temperatures.

BRETT, 251 EAST 57TH STREET. A small shop run by a woman who really understands the sporting life. She can outfit you properly for a safari or a duck hunt... has wonderfully well-fitting pants, shorts, etc.

NID OF THAILAND, 20 EAST 60TH STREET. Siamese delicacies, here: beautiful fabrics made into simple dresses, pants, saris, stoles. Jewellery and other gewgaws—all from Thailand.

ALLEN & COLE, 132 EAST 64TH STREET, TE 8-3250. Designer's samples, sample prices—not exactly inexpensive, but bargains any way you look at them: coats, suits, dresses, pants, hand-knitted mohair sweaters from really good houses. Copies in original fabric can be made-to-order, also. By appointment only.

SECHOIR, 22 GREENWICH AVENUE. Shifts in unusual fabrics, often Indian. Also blouses of same, a few children's shifts, amber necklaces, made-to-order pants.

THE GREEN FROG, 15 CHRISTOPHER STREET. Charming, handmade children's clothes, quite inexpensive. Denim jumpers, calico dresses, cotton smocks with Portuguese hand embroidery for little girls; hand-knitted bulky turtleneck sweaters with matching Shaker hats for boys.

SHOES

LA FITTE, 8 EAST 54TH STREET. A new boutique in which almost everything is made of superb Staron fabrics. We saw brocade evening boots, a beaded evening jacket, gold brocade baby slippers, high leather boots, tortoiseshell totes. La Fitte will also make things to order.

FIorentina, 789 MADISON AVENUE. A good selection of handmade Italian shoes in supple, delicate leathers. Noted especially for their lizard walking sandals.

JOHN ANDREW, 777 MADISON AVENUE. In stock and to order, handmade and inexpensive Spanish shoes. To note: some delightful, gay kidskin slippers.

(Continued from page 58)

was not accustomed to being thanked by mothers when he took girls out. Mothers were supposed to be tortured by fears when they saw him. He definitely did not like being considered safer than faucet water.

The American girls were beautiful. Nobody now can imagine how beautiful they all were. They had slim, sinuous, tapering figures, the complexions of babes, dazzling smiles, perfect teeth, and steady eyes, eyes which apparently knew what everything was about, eyes which did not panic but communicated a strange feeling of security. Their hair, red, hemp-blond, or the colour of dark honey, was so light that a breath of breeze lifted wisps of it as easily as wisps of vapour. Mothers and married sisters of the Italian boys pointed out that the American girls were rarely elegant in a subtle manner. They looked, however, very elegant to their escorts. Or perhaps the exact word is not elegant. They looked spick-and-span, just out of the box, newly minted. Their day clothes were laundry-white and just ironed. In the evening, when they went dancing, they were enveloped by tenuous and transparent things which floated about them like tenderly coloured clouds. One wondered if they really existed, and how they could have been preserved from the filth, the uncontrolled passions, the sweat and grime of the world. They were so new and clean that one sometimes forgot they were women, or, I should say, one reproached oneself for remembering they were women. They obviously were not meant to inspire tempests of passion but only stir up vast placid waves of respectful tenderness.

Whatever the reasons, there was between the American winter girls—those dreary girls in school and family reunions—and the spring and summer girls of beaches and hotels, the difference between horses harnessed to furniture vans—mud-

dy, opaque, hairy horses, misshapen by fatigue—and the horses we admired in season, when the circus came to town. These were high-stepping Arab stallions, skittish, shapely, well-groomed, well caparisoned, with arched necks and distended nostrils.

We dreamed about the summer girls in the empty months. When they arrived, we frequented all the places where we could see them and hope to meet them—the lobbies of the good hotels, the smart beaches, the international trains. We visited museums, cathedrals, historical landmarks, and went to abominable *thés dansants* in the late afternoon. We sported our smartest clothes, covered our hair with whatever gum Rudolph Valentino had used, and practised our English.

Where have these girls gone? Undoubtedly many more American girls come now than ever came before, and the percentage of pretty ones among them is probably as high as it used to be. In reality, the young American girls are not the same as those of the thirties. They have lost their magic. They do not awaken the same tender frenzy. It may be the fault of the jet age. In the old days the girls travelled at leisure, on the big boats, followed everywhere by vast trunks filled with dresses for all occasions. They moved from place to place at a tranquil rate of speed, without a fixed schedule. In my memory they were all beautiful—at least in contrast to the Italian girls.

Everything predisposed me to see the beauty of the American girls of yesterday—they were not only objectively pretty, but my eye was young. Everything should now predispose me to look upon the beauty of Italian girls with a skeptical eye—they could be my daughters and nieces. In fact, some of them are. That my eye delights in seeing these Italian girls go by, proves that they must have reached some sort of pinnacle.

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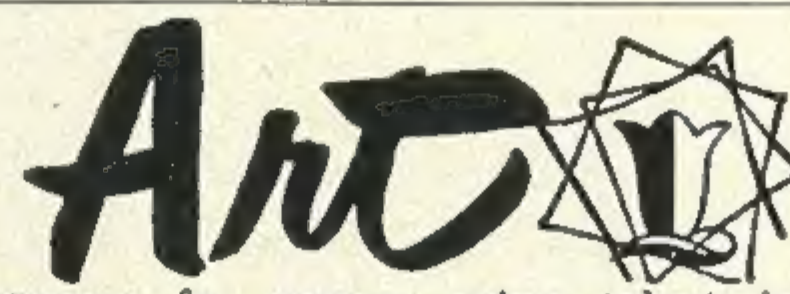


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1-15-64

(Continued from page 90)

a Greek peasant's house, an artist's loft in Paris or New York, an art gallery in central Europe, or a gentleman's house in London—that is, chalk-white walls, Mediterranean-blue ceilings, tiled or parquet floors, and natural wood doors. We prefer walnut, because, periodically oiled, it is the simplest of maintenance jobs. We also like terraces. When we came to build a much-needed dining room on the roof of the studio extension, the roof of the new room in turn became a terrace off our bedroom, overlooking the garden, that year-round delight.

We agreed on general principles. The rest was a matter of details. Those that we seem to have enjoyed the most are the hand-painted tiles from southern Italy on the dining room floor, the tiles of French terracotta in a baroque shape on the bedroom and bathroom floors, the greenhouse window between the kitchen and dining room, the fire-engine-red Chambers stove, the shallow soapstone fireplaces, the original brick interior walls (where we removed the plaster),

the hall carpeting made from the original design for the old Hotel Brevoort, the three skylights, the silence of gas-fired heat, the secondhand bricks in the courtyard, the rustproof qualities of aluminum window frames and railings outside, and of stainless steel rotisseries and stove tops and maple chopping-block counter surfaces in the kitchen. Aesthetics apart, for a professional couple like us materials such as stainless steel, tile, aluminum, oiled walnut, and the others that need only a wipe (and never paint) are a godsend, although expensive to begin with. There is a price for everything. . . .

But perhaps it was all a mistake. The house makes it difficult to contemplate ever moving from the city, with its distractions, obligations, and interruptions. But then perhaps not. We love the house, but are always aware that more significant concerns than where we live have priority. Meanwhile, the house gives us much pleasure and a little pain. In dreams begin responsibilities, as a poet said.

VOGUE PATTERNS

(Continued from pages 80-81; other views, yardages, details)



6124



6152

Above, left: Pale tweed suit and blouse, Vogue Pattern 6124, in sizes 10 to 16. For size 14, $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 58" fabric without nap are needed. \$1.50. In Canada, \$1.65.

Above, right: Pale wool dress, Vogue Pattern 6152; optional rolled collar. Sizes 10 to 16. For size 14, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 58" fabric without nap are needed. \$1.50. In Canada, \$1.65.

VOGUE PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT IMPORTANT SHOPS IN EVERY CITY OR BY MAIL FROM VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE, P. O. BOX 549, ALTOONA, PENNA. AND IN CANADA, AT P. O. BOX 4042, TERMINAL A, TORONTO 1, ONTARIO. FOR FIRST CLASS MAIL, PLEASE ADD 10¢ FOR EACH PATTERN ORDERED. NOTE: CALIFORNIA AND PENNSYLVANIA RESIDENTS PLEASE ADD SALES TAX.

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San Francisco GA 1-7191

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Denver 244-3136

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Bridgeport, Norwalk, Stamford
see New York, White Plains
Hartford 247-7229
includes Springfield, Mass.
includes New Haven

Delaware
Wilmington see Philadelphia

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Washington...District 7-8668

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Beautiful Hair
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- For normal hair—helps keep proper balance of natural oils.
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Ounce for ounce, these three liquid-gold shampoos actually cost less than the drastic detergent kind. You probably didn't realize that. Like men seldom realize that all Breck girls aren't beautiful. Or are they?